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*Opfer
Watkins*



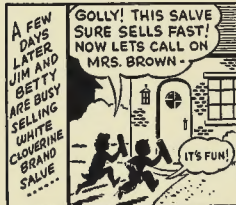
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GIVEN!

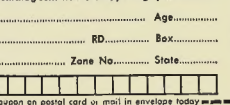
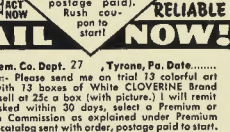
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THE LITTLE PEOPLE'S REVENGE



TRANSRESSED IN THEIR BUSTLING 20TH CENTURY ROUTINE, THE CITIZENS OF BLACKBURG LITTLE REALIZED THAT STRANGE, ENEMY EYES WATCHED THEIR EVERY MOVE! OTHER-WORLPLY EYES... FOR THESE WERE THE LITTLE PEOPLE, FORCED FROM THEIR HOMES BY THE INROADS OF THE MINES!

THIS WAS OUR LAND... AND WE'LL HAVE OUR REVENGE!



HUGE AND STRONG, YES, BUT HAVE WE NOT SUPERNATURAL POWERS THAT MAY DEFEAT THEM? I SHALL VENTURE AMONG THEM, SEARCH FOR A WEAK SPOT... THEN STRIKE!

BUT AREN'T YOU FORGETTING THAT WE'RE INVISIBLE TO THE BIG PEOPLE, GULDER-TAG? ONLY THE CHILDREN CAN SEE US!



OURS IS THE GIFT OF MAGIC... YET WHAT HAS IT AVAILED US? DRIVEN OUT BY THESE INTERLOPERS... FORCED INTO HIDING IN SWAMP6 LEST THEY LEARN OF OUR EXISTENCE! NOW WE MUST STRIKE BACK... AND DRIVE THEM FROM OUR VALLEY!

BUT HOW, KING GULDER-TAG... HOW? ARE THEY NOT HUGE... AND TOO STRONG FOR US?



AH, YES, ONLY THE CHILDREN... THAT WILL MAKE IT HARDER! BUT I'LL FIND A WAY... I'LL FIND A WAY!



IT WAS A STRANGE SCENE THAT INVISIBLE KING GULDERTAG CHANCED UPON! HE DIDN'T KNOW IT THEN--BUT HE'D FOUND HIS WAY!

AN, DON'T--
LAUGH AT ME,
HIM, MINNIE?
GOSH, YER SO
BEAUTIFUL--
AN' I LOVE
YA...

YOU... LOVE ME? HA-NA! THEY
SAID YOU WERE SIMPLE, DAGGLE
DIGGERSDOORF--AND THIS
PROVES IT!



THE MAN I LOVE MUST BE PERFECT
--NOT A FEEBLE-MINDED CRIPPLE!
HE MUST HAVE THE STRONG LEGS OF
TOR LOSAK, THE FASTEST RUNNER IN
BLACKBURG! HE MUST HAVE THE
MUSCLES OF JOSEPH, THE MILLER'S
SON--THE HANDSOME FACE OF
JEREMY BILK, THE SCHOOLMASTER!
AND MOST OF ALL--THE SHREWD
BRAIN OF EDWARD VAILS, THE
BANKER! BUT YOU...

YEAH, ME--POOR
DAGGLE--I GUESS
--THERE AIN'T NO
CHANCE--



WHEN MINNIE HAD LEFT--

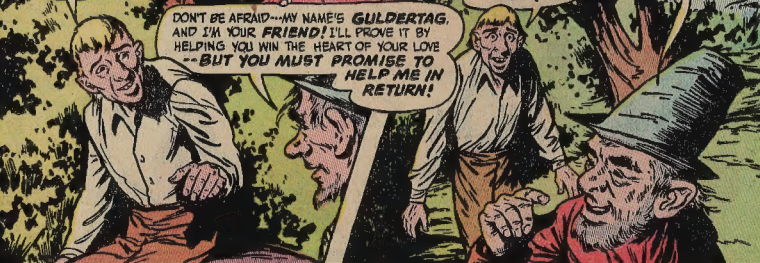
HUH?
WHO ARE
...YOU?

WE CAN SEE ME--BECAUSE HE
HAS THE MIND OF A CHILD!
AT LAST--THE INSTRUMENT
OF REVENGE I'VE BEEN
SEEKING!

DON'T BE AFRAID--MY NAME'S GULDERTAG,
AND I'M YOUR FRIEND! I'LL PROVE IT BY
HELPING YOU WIN THE HEART OF YOUR LOVE
--BUT YOU MUST PROMISE TO
HELP ME IN RETURN!

YA MEAN--GOSH, I'LL DO
ANYTHIN' IF YA ONLY
CAN MAKE MINNIE LOVE
ME! BUT--BUT HOW CAN YA
DO IT--A LI'L FELLA
LIKE YOU?

YOU HAVE ONLY TO
FOLLOW ME, DAGGLE
--AND I'LL
SHOW YOU!



DEEP, DEEP INTO THE SWAMPY WOODS THE TRAIL LEADS--
STRAIGHT TO THE HIDING-PLACE OF THE LITTLE PEOPLE!

THESE, DAGGLE, ARE MY PEOPLE--AND WE
HAVE THE POWER TO MAKE YOU THE PERFECT
MAN! AND THEN YOUR MINNIE WILL LOVE YOU.
MARRY YOU! ALL YOU'LL HAVE TO DO IN
RETURN IS HELP US GET BACK
OUR HOME IN THE VALLEY!--
HAVE WE YOUR PROMISE?

YES, YES!--
ONLY--ONLY
DO WHAT
YA SAY!

GOOD! BUT BEFORE WE CAN
SPIN THE MAGICAL SPELL THAT
WILL CHANGE YOU INTO THE MAN
SHE WANTS, YOU MUST BE ONE
OF US, DAGGLE! YOU MUST
DANCE IN THE MYSTIC CIRCLE
BY THE LIGHT OF THE MIDNIGHT
MOON!--
COME!



THE MAGIC LIGHT OF THE MIDNIGHT MOON! IN ITS EERIE, PALLID RAYS, A WEIRD SCENE ...FROM OUT OF THE DARKEST DEPTHS OF THE GREAT UN-KNOWN! FASTER AND FASTER REELED THE DREAD DANCE, WEAVING A SINISTER SPELL ABOUT POOR, UNSUSPECTING DAGGLE! AND NOW ...**NOW...** HE WAS IN THE POWER OF THE LITTLE PEOPLE!



AND WITH THE STRANGE RITE COMPLETED...

AND NOW, ALL OF YOU... YOU KNOW WHAT YOU MUST DO! TO WORK...WHILE OUR NEW BROTHER WAITS WITH ME HERE...**WAITS FOR YOUR SUCCESS!**



DAWN WAS BREAKING WHEN TOR LOBAK, GREATEST ATHLETE IN BLACKBURG, APPROACHED HIS WELL! A GROWN MAN, HE COULD NOT SEE **THE LITTLE PEOPLE**...WHO HAD PLANNED EVILLY FOR HIS COMING...

THIS CROWBAR WILL DO THE TRICK!

AH, YES! WHEN HE LEANS ON THAT LOOSE STONE...



YES, THEY'D DONE THEIR WORK WELL...AND WHEN TOR LEANED AGAINST THE WELL...

HELP!

GULDERTAG WILL REWARD US WELL FOR **THIS!**



AND AT THE VERY MOMENT OF THE TRAGEDY...AN AMAZING CHANGE OVERTOOK THE CRIPPLED DAGGLE!

GULDERTAG, LOOK... **MY LEGS!** THEY'VE BECOME STRAIGHT, STRONG! LIKE...LIKE THOSE OF **TOR LOBAK!**

AH, YES! AND NOW FOR THE STRONG MUSCLES OF JOSEPH, THE MILLER'S SON...



AND EVEN THEN, AS JOSEPH LED HIS GENTLE OLD MULE TOWARD THE MILL...

WHOA, TESSIE, WHOA... UGH!



AND AT THE SAME MOMENT...

I... I CAN'T BELIEVE IT! IT SEEMED TO HAPPEN IN A FLASH... FOR THE FIRST TIME IN MY LIFE, MY BACK'S STRAIGHT... AND LOOK AT THESE MUSCLES! AND WE'RE NOT FINISHED YET... BROTHER!



NO... THE LITTLE PEOPLE WEREN'T FINISHED!

JEREMY BILK, THE SCHOOLMASTER, IS TRAPPED INSIDE! WE MADE IT LOOK LIKE AN ACCIDENT, 'UP GO QUICKLY... AND SOME- ALL RIGHT! 'BODYS TURNED OFF THE WATER!



AND OUT OF THIS EMERGED A NEW DAGGLE, HIS UGLINESS A THING OF THE PAST!

GOSH, IS IT REALLY ME... HONEST-TA- GOODNESS? I'M HANDSOME... LIKE JEREMY BILK!

JUST ONE MORE DETAIL... AND THEN WE'RE FINISHED!



EDWARD VAILS, THE TOWN BANKER, HAD HELPED TO PUT OUT THE FIRE! HE WAS NOW REFRESHING HIMSELF...

POOR JEREMY... WHAT A HORRIBLE WAY TO DIE!

LUCKY HE CAN'T SEE ME... HE'LL SOON FIND THAT THERE ARE OTHER WAYS!



ARGH!

IT WORKED!



AND NOW THE MOST AMAZING CHANGE OF ALL OVERTOOK THE ONCE WITLESS DAGGLE! EYES THAT HAD BEEN EMPTY, WITLESS, NOW GLEAMED WITH THE LIGHT OF INTELLIGENCE! THE TRANSFORMATION WAS COMPLETED!



YOU'VE DONE IT... I'M THE PERFECT MAN AT LAST! NOW LET THEM TRY TO LAUGH AT ME! I'LL MAKE THEM PAY... ALL OF THEM!

IT'S TIME TO GO BACK TO TOWN AND FULFILL YOUR DESTINY! GOOD LUCK... AND DON'T FORGET YOUR PROMISE!



IT WAS A NEW LIFE FOR DAGGLE, AND THE FIRST PERSON HE CALLED UPON WAS... **MINNIE!**

I'M A STRANGER IN TOWN, MISS... MY NAME'S **DAGMAR DREW!** THE HOTEL'S FULL, BUT THEY TOLD ME **YOU** HAVE A SPARE ROOM YOU SOMETIMES LET OUT!

WHY...UH...
**COME IN,
MR. DREW!**

IT WASN'T LONG AFTER THAT...

I... I HAVEN'T KNOWN YOU LONG, **DAGMAR**... BUT IT'S BEEN LONG ENOUGH FOR ME TO FALL IN LOVE WITH YOU! I NEVER DREAMED I'D FIND ALL THE THINGS I WANTED... **IN ONE MAN!**

THEN YOU'LL...
MARRY ME, MINNIE?
YOU'RE SO BEAUTIFUL...
...AND I LOVE YOU...

HOW... **STRANGE!** IT WASN'T LONG AGO THAT A SIMPLE-MINDED LITTLE CRIPPLE DECLARED HIMSELF IN **THOSE VERY WORDS!** I TOLD HIM THAT THE MAN I LOVE MUST BE **PERFECT**...AND NOW...**YOU'RE HERE!**

AND SO...

I NOW PRONOUNCE
YOU **HUSBAND
AND WIFE!**

JUST AS HE HAD CAPTIVATED MINNIE, "**DAGMAR**" CONQUERED EVERYONE HE MET WITH HIS NEW PERSONALITY, LOOKS AND INTELLIGENCE! THEY STILL SPEAK OF HIS METEORIC RISE TO POWER IN **BLACKBURG**...

SINCE YOU'VE COME TO WORK IN THIS BANK, IT'S ALMOST AS IF **EDWARD VAILS** HIMSELF WERE ALIVE AGAIN! WE'RE MAKING YOU **VICE-PRESIDENT!**

HIS AMAZING PROGRESS DIDN'T STOP THERE! BEFORE LONG, HE WAS THE MOST IMPORTANT MAN IN TOWN!

IN STEPPING DOWN AS BANK PRESIDENT, I'M GLAD TO HAND THE REINS OVER TO YOU, **DAGMAR DREW**...NEXT MAYOR OF **BLACKBURG!**

I'LL DO MY
BEST TO FULFILL
YOUR TRUST, SIR!

EVERYTHING I WANT IS COMING MY WAY! THE BANK PRESIDENCY...THE MAYORALTY...GOON THE WHOLE TOWN WILL BE MINE! I'LL BEGIN BY TAKING OVER THE MINES...**ME...THE CRIPPLED HALF-WIT THEY ONCE LAUGHED AT!**

MEANWHILE...WHAT OF THE **LITTLE PEOPLE**? TWO YEARS HAD PASSED SINCE KING GULDERTAG HAD LED THE WITLESS DAGGLE DIGGERSDORF TO THE MAGIC GLADE--AND HIS SUBJECTS CLAMORED FOR ACTION!

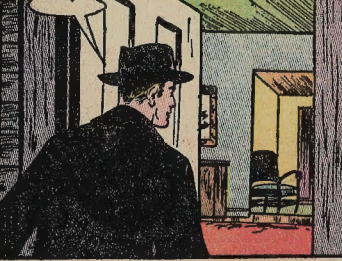
YOU TOLD US THAT **HE** WOULD WIN BACK OUR HOME FOR US--AND HE **PROMISED!** BUT HE'S DONE NOTHING! HE'S **DUPED** YOU GULDERTAG!

I'M **SURE** HE HAGN'T---HE NEEDED THIS MUCH TIME TO GAIN ENOUGH POWER TO HELP US! BUT TONIGHT I'LL GO AND DEMAND PAYMENT FROM OUR FRIEND!



THAT NIGHT...AS DAGMAR RETURNED FROM A DIRECTOR'S MEETING WHICH HAD GIVEN HIM CONTROL OF THE BLACKBURG MINES...

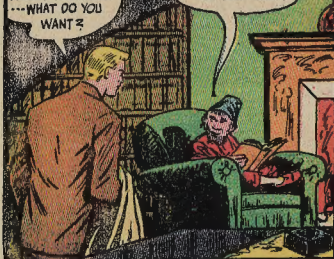
HMM, THE LIGHT'S ON...MINNE MUST BE WAITING FOR ME!



BUT HE WAS IN FOR A RUDE SURPRISE!

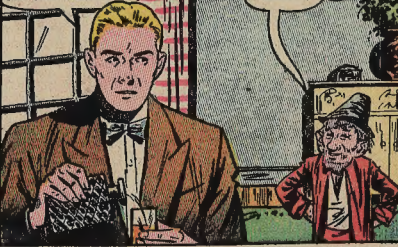
WELL, I'LL BE... GULDERTAG! I... I'D FORGOTTEN ABOUT YOU! WHAT...WHAT DO YOU WANT?

IT'S TIME FOR YOU TO KEEP YOUR **PROMISE**, DAGGLE, MY BROTHER!



I'M **NOT** YOUR BROTHER! AND STOP CALLING ME DAGGLE---IT'S **DAGMAR** NOW! ANYWAY, I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT! I SUGGEST YOU LEAVE, LITTLE MAN---I'VE VERY TIRED!

BUT---BUT YOU PROMISED TO HELP US GET OUR VALLEY BACK---IT'S OUR HOME! YOU OWN THE VALLEY NOW---AND YOU'VE GOT TO LIVE UP TO YOUR **WORD!**



NONSENSE! EVEN IF I **WANTED** TO HELP YOU, WHAT COULD I DO?

YOU COULD SHUT DOWN THE MINES---AND THEN FORECLOSE ON ALL THE MORTGAGES IN BLACKBURG! THAT WOULD DRIVE EVERYONE OUT OF THE VALLEY---AND IT WOULD BELONG TO THE **LITTLE PEOPLE** AGAIN! IT'S SMALL PAYMENT FOR WHAT WE'VE DONE FOR **YOU!**



YOU'RE **CRAZY**---AND MY ANSWER'S **NO!** WHY, I'M GETTING RICHER EVERY DAY FROM THIS TOWN AND ITS MINES! WHY SHOULD I RUIN MY FUTURE FOR **YOU**---WHO HELPED ME ONLY TO SERVE YOUR OWN GREEDY PURPOSES? **GET OUT!**

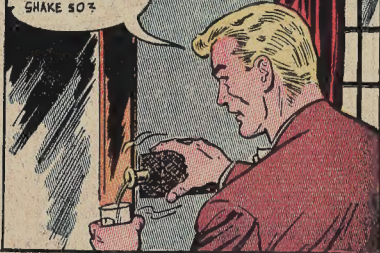


I'LL GO, DAGGLE... BUT YOU'RE MAKING A GREAT MISTAKE! **WHAT WE LITTLE PEOPLE HAVE GIVEN, WE CAN TAKE AWAY!**

RIDICULOUS! WHAT IS **YOUR** POWER... AGAINST **MINE?**

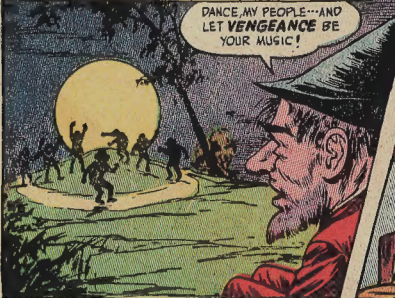


HE'S... GONE! HE'S **BLUFFING**... I KNOW IT! HE WAITED TWO YEARS... WELL, HE CAN WAIT FOREVER! I'M TOO **STRONG** FOR HIM! I... I WONDER WHAT MAKES MY HAND SHAKE SO?



BUT GULDERTAG **WASN'T** BLUFFING! ONCE MORE THE FULL MOON CAST ITS EERIE RAYS... AND ONCE MORE THE LITTLE PEOPLE HURLED THEMSELVES INTO THEIR WEIRD DANCE AROUND THE MYSTIC MAGIC CIRCLE! BUT THIS TIME... THE DANCE WAS **DIFFERENT!**

DANCE, MY PEOPLE... AND LET **VENGEANCE** BE YOUR MUSIC!



AND EVEN THEN... DAGMAR WAS AROUSED BY A LOUD KNOCKING! INSTINCTIVELY, HIS FACE PALED...

WHY DON'T YOU ANSWER THE DOOR? WHAT'S FRIGHTENING YOU?

ER... NOTHING... NOTHING AT ALL! I'LL... ANSWER IT!



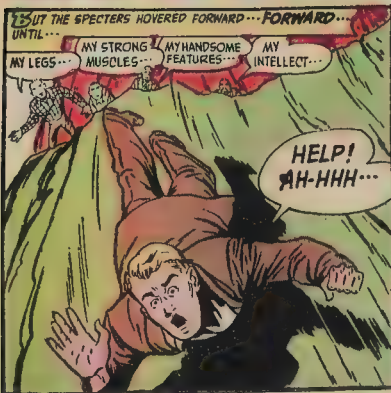
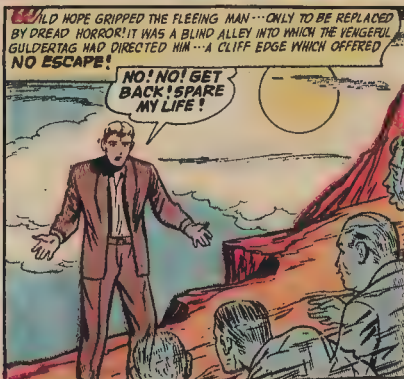
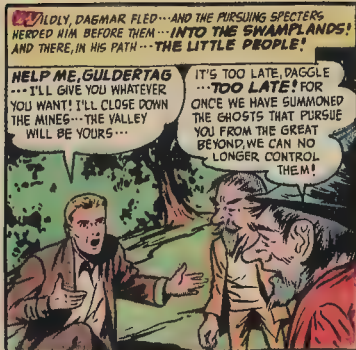
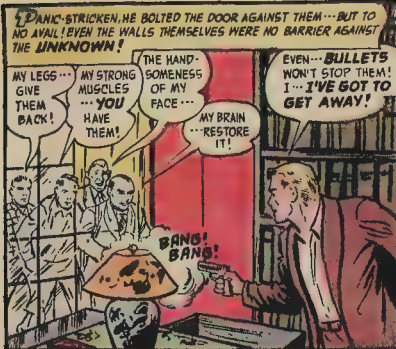
DAGMAR OPENED THE DOOR... TO SHEER TERROR! THERE, BEFORE HIS AFFRIGHTED EYES, WERE THE GHOSTS OF FOUR MEN... FOUR MURDERED MEN WHO HAD GIVEN THEIR LIVES THAT **HE** MIGHT ATTAIN PERFECTION! TOR LOBAK... JOSEPH... JEREMY BILK... EDWARD VAILS... AND IN THEIR DEAD GLANCE WAS **HORROR!**

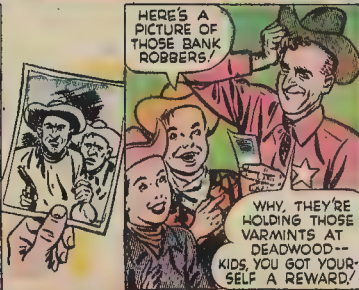
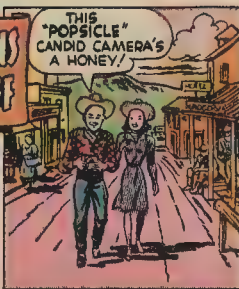
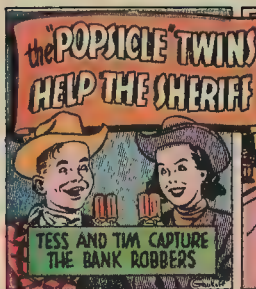
WE ARE **DEAD**, DAGGLE DIGGERSPORE... BUT OUR SOULS CANNOT REST, FOR WE ARE NOT WHOLE! EACH OF US HAS PART OF WHAT WAS ONCE YOU... AND YOU HAVE WHAT WAS ONCE OURS! **WE HAVE COME TO TAKE BACK WHAT YOU STOLE FROM US!**



NO... **NO!** IT... IT'S NOT REAL... I'M **DREAMING** ALL THIS!







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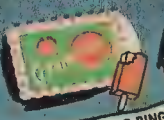
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UNCANNY FOLLOWER

ROD JENKINS LOOKED in the rear-view mirror of his getaway car and breathed a sigh of relief. The road behind him was perfectly straight, stretching out like an enormous ruler across the flat wheat fields of Kansas, and there wasn't a single car behind him.

Yes, he was safe now, he knew as he drove into the outskirts of the mid-western city ahead of him. No one was tailing him now. He'd finally given the slip to the devilishly, uncannily clever detective who'd been following him ever since he'd fled from the scene of the murder he'd committed in Los Angeles.

The murder had been a perfect crime. No hitches, no slip-ups, and no witnesses. He was certain no one had seen him waiting for the vaudeville magician to finish his last show. There had been none to watch as Rod stepped out of the shadows of the stage-door alley to stab Zaru the Great in the heart and flee with the week's receipts that the fabulously successful magician had garnered. Rod had gotten into his stolen car and sped away from the scene through a twisting, intricate maze of side streets, just to give the slip to anyone who *might* have tried following him. Then, with an easy mind, he'd registered at a hotel under an assumed name and gone to sleep.

But at two in the morning, his phone had rung---and when Rod lifted the receiver sleepily, a hollow, mocking voice had said: "Rod Jenkins, this is the spirit of Zaru the Great! You---"

Rod hadn't waited to hear any more. It took him three minutes to dress, and four minutes later he was in a cab, speeding away from the hotel, shivering with fear. He couldn't understand how anyone had known he committed the murder---and how in the world could anyone have known where he was? Rod decided that some local detective who knew him had played a hunch that Rod was the murderer, trailed him, and phoned him in an attempt to scare him into flight.

Paying the cabby off, Rod embarked on as tortuous a trail as had ever been left for a detective to follow. Stealing car after car, doubling back time after time on his tracks, boarding buses and trains at the last moment to make sure that no one could follow him aboard the same conveyance, using a dozen different disguises and aliases, Rod had made a panicky flight across country and through cities.

But wherever he'd stopped, whether at a sumptuous hotel or a mean little tourist camp, the phone in his room had rung and a hollow voice had started saying, "*Rod Jenkins, this is the spirit of Zaru the Great!*"

With a constant terror gnawing away within him, on the verge of a nervous breakdown, Rod had continued his flight, redoubling his desperate efforts to shake the uncanny detective who was on his trail and who was trying to make him crack and confess to the murder. But at last Rod knew he'd lost his follower---for here on the flat plains of Kansas it was obvious there was no one behind him. And if someone *was* a few miles behind, beyond the range of vision, it was just too bad for that clever flatfoot---for Rod would soon lose himself in the maze of city traffic he was now getting into.

After an hour's tortured doubling and redoubling along the city streets, Rod felt safe enough to ditch the car and register in one of the city's dozen hotels under the name of Thomas Gaines.

Locking his door, Rod sank down on his bed in relief. He knew he couldn't have taken any more of those eerie phone calls. He was so wrought up now that just one more would make him blow his top and run screaming to the police, just to be rid of that haunting, mocking voice.

R-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r!

The phone rang shrilly in Rod's room. Moments later, the house detective was running into Thomas Gaines' room in response to the mad, terrified screams coming from Rod Jenkins.

The ZOMBIE DEATH

YOU MAY NOT BELIEVE THAT NECRO EXISTS -- OR THAT HIS NIGHT-BORNE VOICE HAS THE POWER TO RAISE THE EVIL DEAD FROM THEIR RESTLESS GRAVES! BUT SOME NIGHT-- SOMEWHERE -- YOU MAY MEET A TALL FIGURE WHOSE WHITE FEATURES HOLD THE BOTTOMMOST DEPTH OF HORROR -- AND THEN YOU WILL FIND THE THROG around you RACING THE GLOOM WITH LIFELESS FOOTSTEPS-- SWEEPING YOU TOWARD THE MACABRE MYSTERY OF THE ZOMBIE DEATH!

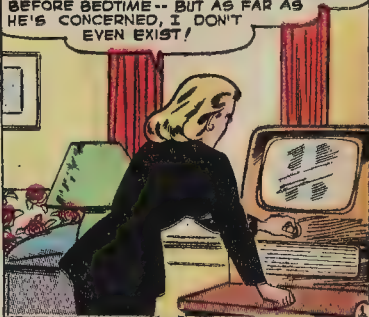


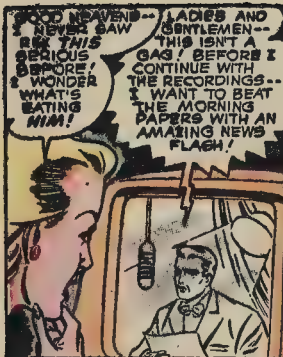
ONE NIGHT-- AS A DISTANT
STEEPLE STRIKES FOUR--

OH-HUM! WORKING ALL NIGHT AS A TELEPHONE OPERATOR IS ONE WAY TO EARN A LIVING-- BUT NO WAY TO KEEP BOYFRIENDS! I HAVEN'T HAD A DATE FOR MONTHS-- AFTER ALL, WHO'D STAY UP UNTIL NEARLY DAWN JUST BECAUSE I'M LONELY?



OF COURSE, THERE'S ALWAYS REX STANFORD'S DISC JOCKEY SHOW TO WHILE AWAY AN HOUR BEFORE BEDTIME-- BUT AS FAR AS HE'S CONCERNED, I DON'T EVEN EXIST!





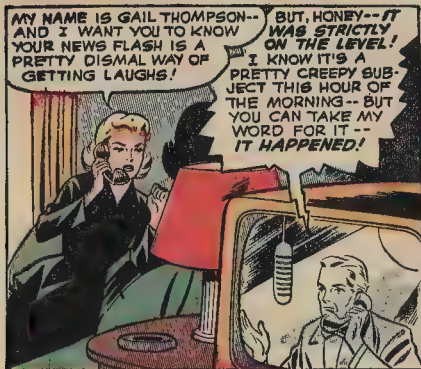
GOOD HEAVENS--
I NEVER SAW
REX THIS
SERIOUS
BEFORE!
I WONDER
WHAT'S
EATING
HIM!

LADIES AND
GENTLEMEN--
THIS ISN'T A
GAG! BEFORE I
CONTINUE WITH
THE RECORDINGS--
I WANT TO BEAT
THE MORNING
PAPERS WITH AN
AMAZING NEWS
FLASH!

JUST BEFORE DAWN YESTER-
DAY, A LADY LIVING IN THE
SUBURBS HAD THREE UN-
EXPECTED VISITORS-- AND
IS NOW BEING TREATED FOR
SEVERE SHOCK! SHE
CLAIMS THE WHITE-FACED
FIGURES WERE NOT HUMAN--
THAT AFTER INSISTING SHE
WAS DEAD, AND TRYING
TO FORCE HER TO COME
WITH THEM, THEY DIS-
APPEARED WITH HIDEOUS
YELLS, I REPEAT--
THIS IS NOT A GAG!

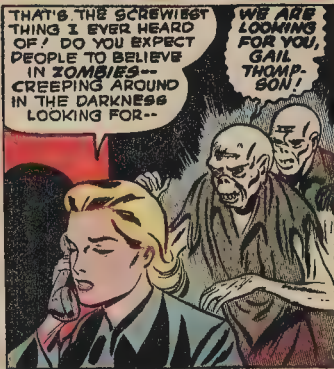


IMAGINE AN ENTERTAINMENT
GLUTTERING THE AIR WITH
THAT KIND OF TWADDLE!
I'M GOING TO PHONE REX
STANFORD-- AND TELL HIM
WHAT I THINK OF HIS
SUPERSTITIOUS
NONSENSE!



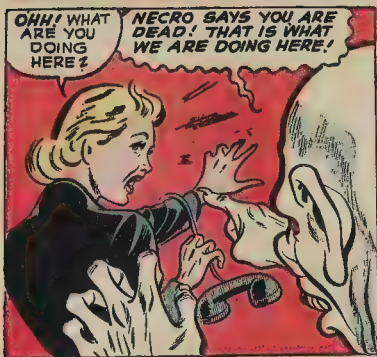
MY NAME IS GAIL THOMPSON--
AND I WANT YOU TO KNOW
YOUR NEWS FLASH IS A
PRETTY DISMAL WAY OF
GETTING LAUGHS!

BUT, HONEY--IT
WAS STRICTLY
ON THE LEVEL!
I KNOW IT'S A
PRETTY CREEPY SUB-
JECT THIS HOUR OF
THE MORNING-- BUT
YOU CAN TAKE MY
WORD FOR IT --
IT HAPPENED!



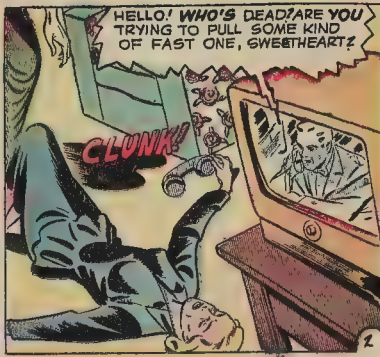
THAT'S THE SCREWIEST
THING I EVER HEARD
OF! DO YOU EXPECT
PEOPLE TO BELIEVE
IN ZOMBIES--
CREEPING AROUND
IN THE DARKNESS
LOOKING FOR--

WE ARE
LOOKING
FOR YOU,
GAIL
THOMP-
SON!



OH! WHAT
ARE YOU
DOING
HERE?

NECRO SAYS YOU ARE
DEAD! THAT IS WHAT
WE ARE DOING HERE!



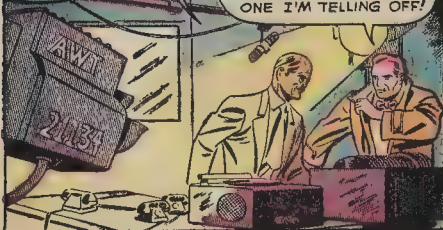
HELLO! WHO'S DEAD? ARE YOU
TRYING TO PULL SOME KIND
OF FAST ONE, SWEETHEART?

CLUNK!

AT THE TELEVISION STUDIO--

SURE, I'LL PINCH-HIT FOR YOU, REX-- BUT AREN'T YOU STICKING YOUR NECK OUT BY RUSHING OVER TO THAT CHICK'S HOUSE?

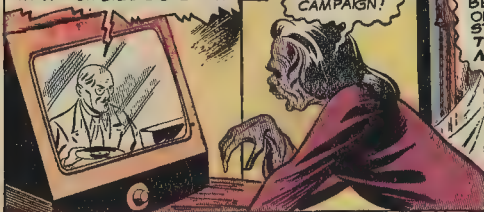
118 MILLPOND ROAD -- THE DIRECTORY SAYS! I WASN'T TAKEN IN BY THAT HAMMY ACT-- BUT I'M FED UP WITH PHONY CALLS FROM CRACKPOTS TRYING TO HORN IN ON THE PROGRAM-- AND **THIS** ONE I'M TELLING OFF!



BUT THERE'S ONE TELEVISION WATCHER WHO DOESN'T SHRUG IT OFF-- A HIDEOUS FIGURE WHOSE LIFELESS EYES GLINT TRIUMPHANTLY--

SO WE'RE CARRYING ON FOR REX STANFORD, FOLKS, WHILE HE'S OUT TRYING TO CONVINCE ONE OF HIS FUN-LOVING FANS THAT ZOMBIES **DO** EXIST!

HAA! THAT'S THE KIND OF PUBLICITY I NEED-- A **REAL** TERROR CAMPAIGN!



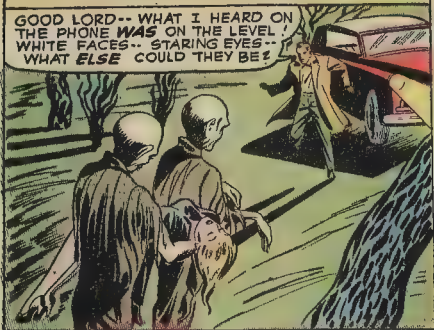
WITH A FACE LIKE THE CLOUDED SURFACE OF A DEPTHPLESS POOL OF EVIL--

FOR HUNDREDS OF YEARS I HAVE SENT FORTH MY ZOMBIES **QUIETLY**-- THEIR NOISELESS FOOTSTEPS SEEKING OUT THE NEWLY-DEAD! BUT NOW IT IS DIFFERENT! NOW I WANT THE LIVING TO STAND GUARD AT THE DRAPED DEATHBEDS-- CHEATING THE ROVING GHOULS OF THEIR PREY! SO FAR, REX STANFORD HAS HELPED-- BUT **TOMORROW** HE WILL AID **NECRO** IN A MASTER STROKE!



AT THAT MOMENT-- WITH THE FIRST GREY LIGHT OF DAWN SMUDGING THE INKY SKY--

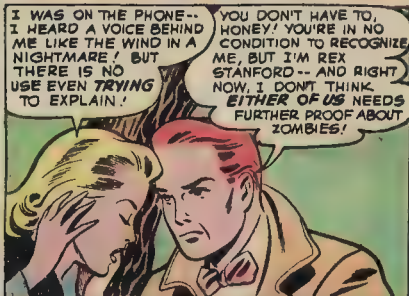
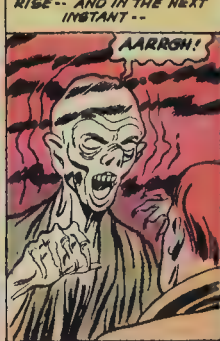
GOOD LORD-- WHAT I HEARD ON THE PHONE **WAS** ON THE LEVEL! WHITE FACES-- STARING EYES-- WHAT **ELSE** COULD THEY BE?



WITH INHUMAN STRENGTH-- COLD AND IRRESISTIBLE AS A GLACIER--

AS THE CLAWED HAND TIGHTENS ITS GRISLY CLUTCH--

BUT THE BRIGHT FLASH IS THE FIRST GLOW OF SUN-RISE-- AND IN THE NEXT INSTANT--



STILL, WHAT'S BEHIND IT? I'VE HEARD OF ZOMBIES PROWLING TO CLAIM THE DEAD-- BUT **THESE** CREEPS ARE DIFFERENT! NOT ONLY ARE THEY STALKING LIVING VICTIMS--PEOPLE THEY CAN'T POSSIBLY CLAIM-- BUT IT'S A MISTAKE THAT SEEMS TO BRING ABOUT THEIR OWN DESTRUCTION AT DAYLIGHT! THERE'S AN ANGLE SOMEWHERE -- BUT I CAN'T FIGURE IT!



JUST THE SAME, REX, THEY ARE ZOMBIES-- AND THEY'RE **BOUND** TO FIND SOME CORPSES WHILE THEY'RE PROWLING AROUND! **THAT** WON'T BE A MISTAKE-- **THOSE** SOULS WILL BE **DOOMED!**



YOU'RE RIGHT-- AND THAT'S WHY I PLAN TO KEEP UP THE WARNINGS ON MY PROGRAM! HUNDREDS OF KNOW-IT-ALLS STILL THINK IT'S A STUNT-- AND THE ONE THING THAT'LL CONVINCE THEM IS TO HAVE YOU RELATE YOUR EXPERIENCE ON TOMORROW MORNING'S SHOW!

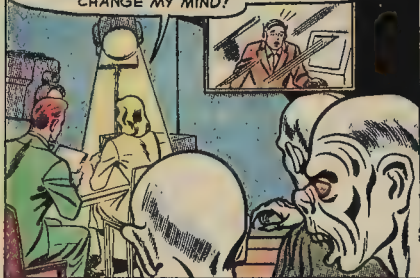
EARLY THE NEXT DAY-- WHILE DARKNESS STILL KEEPS ITS BRISTLING SECRETS FROM THE SLEEPING WORLD--

WE GO ON IN EXACTLY 30 SECONDS! NOW FORGET THE TV CAMERA AND THE MIKE-- JUST PRETEND YOU'RE TALKING TO ME!

THAT SHOULDN'T BE HARD! YET I FEEL JUMPY-- AS IF **SOME-THING** WERE ABOUT TO HAPPEN!



FOLKS, I'M GAIL THOMPSON! TWENTY-FOUR HOURS AGO I SCOFFED AT REX'S BULLETIN ABOUT THE ZOMBIES-- AND HE'S ASKED ME TO DESCRIBE THE **HORROR** THAT MADE ME CHANGE MY MIND!

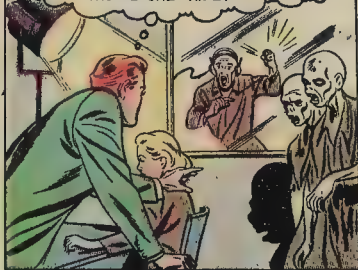


THOSE THINGS ARE LARGE-- CREATURES THAT HAVE SOMEHOW ESCAPED THE GRAVE-- YOU'VE GOT TO BELIEVE ME!

HA-HA! DON'T WORRY-- THEY WILL! I'VE SEEN TO THAT!



YE GODS-- THEY'RE **HERE!** THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO PREVENT PANIC AMONG MY TV AUDIENCE-- I'VE GOT TO PRETEND I KNEW IT ALL THE WHILE-- AND WORK IT SO THAT I CAN TRICK THE ZOMBIES AT THE SAME TIME!



GAIL IS STILL A TRIFLE JITTERY ABOUT THE ZOMBIES WE LURED TO THE STUDIO, FOLKS-- BUT I CAN ASSURE YOU THERE'S NO REASON FOR ANYONE TO BE TERRIFIED! THESE CREEPS ARE HERE FOR A REASON-- TO PROVE A DISCOVERY MADE BY OUR ENGINEERS-- **THAT CERTAIN RAYS GIVEN OFF BY TV CAMERAS DESTROY ZOMBIES WITHIN A FEW HOURS AFTER THEY'VE BEEN EXPOSED!**



WE'RE NOW SIGNING OFF SO THAT OUR CAMERAS CAN CONCENTRATE ON THE ZOMBIES-- BUT DON'T FORGET TO TUNE IN TOMORROW FOR THE RESULTS!

AND **WHAT RESULTS!** I'VE BEEN GETTING RID OF THE ZOMBIES BY TWOS AND THREES-- TO AVOID MAKING THEM SUSPICIOUS-- BUT **HERE'S A WAY TO GET RID OF ALL OF THEM AT A SINGLE STROKE!**



A WEIRD VOICE, UNHEARD BY HUMAN EARS, DRIFTS ACROSS THE DARK AND DESERTED COUNTRYSIDE-- REACHING MANY A FORGOTTEN GRAVE UNDER THE DRIPPING FERNS--



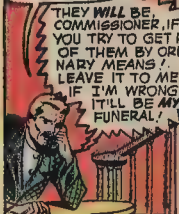
ZOMBIES--
NECRO
COMMANDS!

--STIRRING MANY A SUNKEN MOUND WITH A SUMMONS TO THE UNDEAD!

RISE FROM YOUR BEDS OF MUSTY CLAY-- RISE IN YOUR DAMP AND MILDEWEDED SHROUDS-- AND JOIN THE OTHERS NECRO HAS SENT FORTH TONIGHT!



LOOK, STANFORD--THE DETECTIVE BUREAU HAS TRACED NECRO TO 902 ROCKY HILL RD.-- BUT YOU'VE GOT TO LET US HANDLE THIS! I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU MANAGED TO DRAW THOSE MONSTERS TO THE STUDIO-- BUT TERROR WILL HIT THE CITY LIKE A LANDSLIDE IF THEY'RE STILL AROUND AT DAYBREAK!



THEY WILL BE COMMISSIONER, IF YOU TRY TO GET RID OF THEM BY ORDINARY MEANS! LEAVE IT TO ME-- IF I'M WRONG-- IT'LL BE MY FUNERAL!

AS THE LIFELESS WANDERERS SHUFFLE INTO THE STUDIO--

REX, I HOPE YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING! WHAT YOU SAID ABOUT TV RAYS ISN'T TRUE-- SO WHAT'S TO PREVENT THE ZOMBIES FROM DRIFTING OUT AND MENACING EVERY HOME FOR MILES AROUND?

JUST ONE THING-- THEY WERE ORDERED TO STAY HERE! I'VE HAD A HUNCH SINCE LAST NIGHT THAT NECRO WANTED THEM OUT OF THE WAY-- AND WE'VE GOT UNTIL DAWN TO PROVE IT!



MINUTES LATER-- BACK AT THE STUDIO--

REX-- I'M SCARED! THERE ARE SCORES OF THEM-- PLODDING TOWARD THE STUDIO FROM ALL DIRECTIONS!

I HAD A HUNCH THAT'D HAPPEN! KEEP YOUR CHIN UP, HONEY-- THE POLICE COMMISSIONER'S CALLING BACK-- I'M GOING TO HAVE MY HANDS FULL REASSURING HIM!



SOON AFTERWARD-- WITH NECRO'S LAIR REARING FROM THE GLOOM LIKE A MONUMENT TO HORROR--

YOU MEAN WE'RE GOING IN? BUT, REX, WE'LL BE POWERLESS-- WE CAN'T FIGHT OFF THAT ARCH-FIEND!

NOPE-- I DON'T EXPECT TO! IT'S GOING TO BE A TOUGH THING TO FACE, GAIL-- BUT WE'RE GOING TO LET NECRO CAPTURE US-- AND WE'RE GOING TO LET HIM GLOAT AND TALK HIS EVIL HEAD OFF!



A MOMENT LATER-- IN A CORRIDOR CRAWLING WITH THE PRESENCE OF RESTLESS DEATH--

REX-- JUST AHEAD--

EASY-- I SEE HIM!



THEN-- SWIFT AND VENOMOUS AS A COBRA--



HAA! WHAT A PITY YOU CAN'T CARRY YOUR DEADLY TELEVISION RAYS AROUND IN YOUR POCKET, STANFORD!

IT'S NO USE, GAIL-- I THOUGHT THAT AFTER TRAPPING THOSE ZOMBIES IN THE STUDIO, I COULD NAB THIS FREAK BY MYSELF-- BUT I DIDN'T REALIZE WHAT WE'D BE UP AGAINST!



YOU TWO KNOW THAT THE ONLY WAY ZOMBIES CAN CLAIM THE NEWLY-DEAD IS TO RISE FROM THEIR GRAVES AS ACTUAL PHYSICAL SHAPES! BUT THEY'VE GOT TO BE **SURE** OF GETTING A VICTIM-- DEATH MUST STRIKE **BEFORE DAWN BREAKS-- OR THE ZOMBIES WHO HAVE BEEN SEARCHING FOR A CORPSE ARE DOOMED!**



THAT DOESN'T MAKE SENSE! HOW COME YOU'VE BEEN SENDING YOUR ZOMBIES AFTER **LIVING** PEOPLE JUST BEFORE DAWN-- WHEN YOU KNOW IT MEANS YOUR FREAKS'LL NEVER RETURN!



CAN'T YOU GUESS-- WHEN THE WORLD IS PREPARING FOR THE GREATEST WAR IN HISTORY? ATOMIC WEAPONS WILL TAKE A TOLL IN **MILLIONS--** MEANING FAR MORE NEWLY-DEAD THAN I CAN EVER KEEP TRACK OF! THAT WILL GIVE MY ZOMBIES THE CHANCE THEY'VE BEEN WAITING FOR-- AN OPPORTUNITY TO **CHALLENGE MY MASTERY** BY COLLECTING HORDES OF DEAD **THEY** CAN COMMAND!



CAN YOU SEE WHY I'VE PLOTTED THEIR DESTRUCTION? -- SO THAT I'LL BE THE ONLY SURVIVING ZOMBIE WHEN WAR BREAKS OUT!

THANKS FOR THE LOWDOWN, BLABBER-MOUTH!



--NOW IT'S JUST A MATTER OF STALLING FOR TIME!



YOU WANT **TIME**, HAH? WAIT UNTIL I CATCH YOU! YOU'LL FIND EVERY SECOND A CURSE -- EVERY MINUTE **AN ETERNITY OF HORROR!**



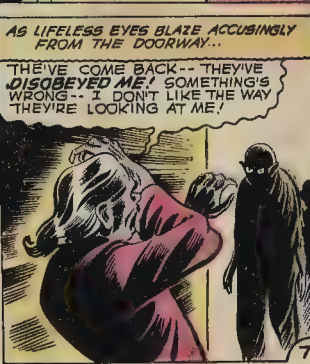
YOU **KNOW** YOU'RE TRAPPED! YOU'RE NOT EVEN **TRYING** TO GET OUT!

IF YOU MEAN **THAT** WAY, NECRO-- YOU'D BETTER WORRY ABOUT WHAT'S COMING **IN!**



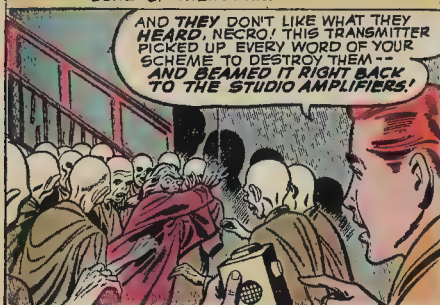
AS LIFELESS EYES BLAZE ACCUSINGLY FROM THE DOORWAY...

THEY'VE COME BACK-- THEY'VE **DISOBEYED ME!** SOMETHING'S WRONG-- I DON'T LIKE THE WAY THEY'RE LOOKING AT ME!



AS THE ROOM FILLS WITH THE THUD OF FOOTSTEPS--
THE SLOW PROWLING FOOTSTEPS OF CREATURES
SURE OF THEIR PREY--

AND THEY DON'T LIKE WHAT THEY
HEARD, NECRO! THIS TRANSMITTER
PICKED UP EVERY WORD OF YOUR
SCHEME TO DESTROY THEM--
AND **BEAMED IT RIGHT BACK**
TO THE STUDIO AMPLIFIERS!



NO-- NO-- LET
ME LIVE!
YAAAGHHH!



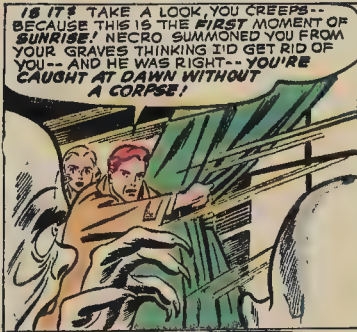
A SECOND LATER...

AND YOU-- YOU
TRIED TO KILL US
WITH TV RAYS--
BUT YOU FAILED!

WE ARE OUR
OWN MASTERS
NOW! THIS IS
YOUR LAST
MOMENT
OF LIFE!



IS IT TAKE A LOOK, YOU CREEPS--
BECAUSE THIS IS THE **FIRST MOMENT OF
SUNRISE!** NECRO SUMMONED YOU FROM
YOUR GRAVES THINKING I'D GET RID OF
YOU-- AND HE WAS RIGHT-- YOU'RE
CAUGHT AT DAWN WITHOUT
A CORPSE!



AAGHHH!



THEY'RE FINISHED,
GAIL-- THEY'VE
CURSED THE
EARTH WITH
THEIR PROWLING
FOR THE LAST
TIME!



THANK GOODNESS THE
TERROR'S OVER! THOUSANDS
OF REX STANFORD TV FANS
WILL THINK YOUR TV RAYS
REALLY WORKED-- BUT
WHO'D BELIEVE IT ACTUALLY
HAPPENED THIS
WAY?

I MAY BE TAKING
A LOT FOR GRANT-
ED, HONEY-- BUT
SOMETHING TELLS
ME **THAT'S**
GOING ON RECORD
AS OUR **FIRST**
FAMILY
SECRET!



"U.S." ROYAL

WITH HIS
JET-PROPELLED BIKE



"BEATING THE
BEACH BARRAGE"

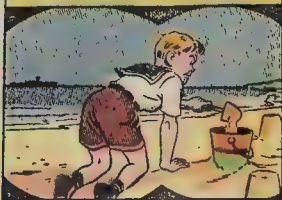


U.S. ROYAL
AND THE
BIKE CLUB
BOYS WATCH
FROM A SAFE
DISTANCE AS A
GROUP OF
NAVY
DESTROYERS
AND
CRUISERS
STEAM IN FOR
FIRING
PRACTICE...



IN A FEW MOMENTS NOW,
THE SHIPS WILL MOVE IN
AT FLANK SPEED AND LAY
DOWN A BARRAGE ON
THAT DESERTED SHORE...

BUT SUDDENLY, THROUGH HIS GLASSES,
ROYAL SEES THAT THE SHORE IS
NOT QUITE DESERTED!



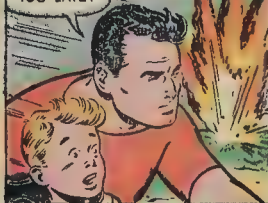
YOU FELLAS BIKE BACK TO THE
NAVAL STATION FAST AND GET
THEM TO WARN THOSE SHIPS!
I'M GOING AFTER THAT KID
IN THE
MEANTIME...



WITH SUPER JET-SPEED, ROYAL
STREAKS DOWN TO THE TARGET
AREA AND --



PHWEW! LUCKY FOR US I MADE
IT, JUNIOR -- 'CAUSE IT LOOKS
LIKE THE BOYS WERE
TOO LATE!



JUST AS WE
GOT TO THE
RADIO-ROOM,
WE HEARD THE
FIRST SALVO!

YOU DID ALL
RIGHT, BOYS...AND
A TERRIBLE TRAGEDY
WAS AVOIDED --
THANKS
TO ROYAL!

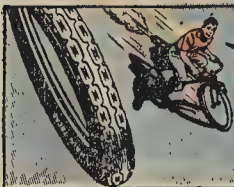
ROYAL BIKE TIRES,
YOU MEAN... THAT'S
WHERE THE SPEED
CAME IN!



FELLAS, FOR REAL SPEED, YOU
WANT A TIRE THAT COMBINES
SAFETY AND EASY PEDALING. TRY
U.S. ROYALS, WITH THE SPECIAL
BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN. THERE'S
EXTRA MILEAGE IN
THEM, TOO!



SPLIT-SECOND STOPS ...
FIRM FOOTING...AND PERFECT
CONTROL ARE AT YOUR FOOT-
TIPS WHEN YOU'RE RIDING ON
U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRES, WITH
THE SPECIAL BUILT-IN SKID
CHAIN. BE SURE YOUR NEXT
TIRES ARE ROYALS!



U.S. ROYAL
BIKE TIRES



Products of
UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY

GREETINGS, ALL YOU friends and loyal supporters of "Adventures Into The Unknown"! It's time for one of our good old-fashioned friendly discussions again, so make yourselves comfortable and we'll call our meeting to order. Here goes---and the first subject on the day's agenda is one of your editor's problems. Since we made your favorite magazine a monthly---in response to your requests---this has been one of the busiest offices in town. It's meant hard work for all of us here, as well as the necessity for increasing our editorial force. And hiring a new editorial associate was no easy job. It had to be someone to whom the supernatural meant something---someone who could rise to the challenge of the great *Unknown* and help to frame the sort of magazine which you loyal fans expect and deserve. Finally, the choice narrowed down to two applicants. The first possessed a long and distinguished editorial background; was a trained and able writer and a prominent research specialist. Just the thing, we thought exultantly---until we discovered that to him, this would represent nothing more than a routine job. Yes, he was willing to work hard enough---but all of the captivating denizens of the supernatural realm meant no more to him than a day's work to be gotten over. The second applicant was far younger, and had no such record of editorial accomplishment behind him. But talking to him, we learned that from childhood on, he'd

thrilled to eerie tales of ghosts, ghouls, banshees and "things that go bump in the night!"---that to him, the *Unknown* spelled a breathless world of dread fascination. Well, readers---you know who got the job! He's hard at work at his desk right now, and because the supernatural is a living, breathing force to him, we're betting that our new incumbent will help to make "Adventures Into The Unknown" an even greater magazine than anything you've experienced previously!

He's had a hand in the present issue, so write and tell us how you like his touch! It's evident in "The Little People's Revenge", a strange and eerie tale of folklore that's already fascinated us. Incidentally, we'd like your opinion of "The Zombie Death"---a new slant on the ancient zombie belief. "World of Werewolves" is also something of a departure---a dramatic recital of strange happenings that's packed with thrills. "Vampire's Victim" is another one you should like for genuine supernatural impact. And then there's "The Man Who Met His Own Ghost"---as different a story of the vast *Unknown* as you've ever encountered. We think they make up a super-special issue---what do you think?

As is our custom, we'd like to show you what some of our other readers think---which means dipping into our overflowing mailbox once again! Selected at random, here are a few letters which may interest you:

"Dear Editor:-

I've bought your fine magazine ever since it was first published, and want to tell you that the latest issues have been particularly wonderful. I especially liked 'Goddess of the Beasts'. It reminded me of 'She', by H. Rider Haggard. But all of your magazine is wonderful!

-- Bill Grose, Charleston, W. Va."

"Dear Editor:-

I've always loved stories about the supernatural. I could never get a comic that would really satisfy me, till one day I bought 'Adventures Into The Unknown' and loved it. Since then, I have never missed an issue. Many other magazines of this kind have been published, but yours is still the best. The stories I liked particularly were 'Marriage of Death', 'The Werewolf Strikes', 'Diary of Doom' and 'Shadow of the Panther'. Those stories were really great, and I hope you'll have more like them. Keep up the good work!

-- Goldie Herniter, Bronx, N. Y."

"Dear Editor:-

I've always been interested in weird and eerie stories---and believe me, your magazine has the best! No book on the stands can compete with 'Adventures Into The Unknown', although many have tried. Your art and covers are always magnificent! I have just one complaint, and I know others are with me---let's have more stories on 'The Living Ghost'! I liked 'Demon in the Dark' and 'Vigil Among the Vampires' best in the issue I just read---but I wish your magazine could be published every week! Lots of luck!

-- William Lord, Springfield, Ill."

We'll meet again next month, readers! Till then...KEEP THOSE LETTERS ROLLING!

WORLD of WEREWOLVES



HERE, READER, IS A TALE BORN OF TERROR, WRITTEN BY A MAN WHO DESCENDED INTO THE DEPTHS OF SAVAGERY... INTO THE VAST HORRORS OF THE GREAT UNKNOWN ITSELF! WE CAN'T VOUCH FOR ITS AUTHENTICITY, BUT WE CAN PROMISE THAT AFTER YOU'VE FINISHED IT, YOU'LL LOOK LONG AND HARD INTO YOUR MIRROR... WONDERING IF YOU BEAR THE TELLTALE STIGMA OF THE WEREWOLF... IF THE MERE UTTERANCE OF A SINGLE WORD WILL TRANSFORM YOU INTO A BEAST STALKING MURDEROUSLY THROUGH THE NIGHT!

WARNING...read this carefully, because your very LIFE may depend on it! These are the dying words of what was once a man... Lt. Gary Brennan, of the Homicide Bureau...

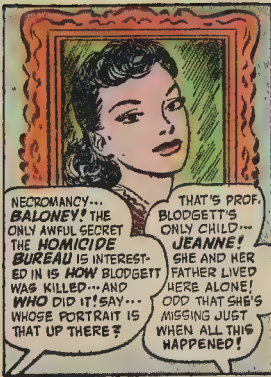
"...it all started the day I was called in to investigate the mysterious death of Dr. Hugo Blodgett, Professor of Occult Sciences at the University..."

IT...IT'S WEIRD! HE WAS OBVIOUSLY CLAWED TO DEATH BY SOME WILD ANIMAL... BUT NO ANIMAL'S ESCAPED FROM THE LOCAL ZOO! AND THE WINDOWS ARE ALL LOCKED FROM THE INSIDE... SO WHOEVER OR WHATEVER DID THE JOB MUST'VE HAD A KEY TO THE FRONT DOOR... AND ONLY HUMANS CAN OPEN A MAN-MADE LOCK!



"Frankly puzzled, I called in all who knew the Professor, who might be able to shed light on the mystery! One of them, Dr. Blodgett's colleague at the university, told a strange tale!"

YES, HUGO AND I RECENTLY RETURNED FROM A FIELD TRIP INTO NEWLY EXCAVATED TOMBS AT STONEHENGE, ENGLAND...WHERE THE ANCIENT, SATANICAL DRUIDS HAD THEIR BURYING GROUNDS! WE MADE A GREAT FIND THERE...**THE 13TH BOOK OF DRUIDICAL NECROMANCY!** HUGO KEPT IT IN HIS SAFE HERE, BECAUSE OF THE AWFUL SECRETS OF THE OCCULT IT CONTAINED! BUT NOW...**THE BOOK IS GONE!**



NECROMANCY... **BALONEY!** THE ONLY AWFUL SECRET THE **HOMICIDE BUREAU** IS INTERESTED IN IS **HOW** BLODGETT WAS KILLED...AND **WHO** DID IT! SAY... WHOSE PORTRAIT IS THAT UP THERE?

THAT'S PROF. BLODGETT'S ONLY CHILD... **JEANNE!** SHE AND HER FATHER LIVED HERE ALONE! ODD THAT SHE'S MISSING JUST WHEN ALL THIS HAPPENED!

NOW THERE'S A LEAD I CAN SINK MY TEETH INTO! IF SHE'S HIDING...THERE MUST BE A **REASON!** I'LL CIRCULATE COPIES OF HER PICTURE TO THE WHOLE POLICE FORCE! WE'RE GOING TO FIND THAT GAL IF IT TAKES ALL YEAR!

"But it took only four days..."

THAT'S RIGHT, LIEUTENANT! I SAW HER WORKING AS A MANICURIST IN THE DE LUXE BARBER SHOP ON WEST STREET...I'M **SURE** IT'S **JEANNE BLODGETT!**

GOOD WORK...I'LL TAKE OVER FROM HERE!



I'LL HAVE A MANICURE, PLEASE!

CERTAINLY, SIR!

"But the moment she took my hand in hers..."



OH!!

WHAT IS IT... WHAT'S WRONG?



MY HEART...I MUST GET HOME QUICKLY... I...I LEFT MY PILLS THERE!

I'LL TAKE CARE OF HER...**CALL A CAB, QUICK!**

"She gave me the address of her furnished apartment...but when we got there..."

WHERE ARE YOUR PILLS?
...HEY! YOU...YOU DON'T
LOOK SICK ANY MORE!

I WASN'T SICK...IT
WAS JUST A RUSE TO GET
YOU UP HERE!



YOU...YOU'VE GOT ALL THE LUPINE SIGNS I'VE BEEN
SEEKING! YOUR HAIR IS WIRY, AND YOUR EARS ELONGATED
...JUST LIKE MINE! AND WHEN YOU SMILED AT ME IN THE
SHOP, I NOTICED YOU HAD PRONOUNCED CUSPIDS...WHAT
SOME CALL CANINE TEETH! BUT I WAS REALLY SURE
OF YOU WHEN I FELT YOUR FLESHY, PADDED PALMS AT THE
SHOP...AND NOTICED THE RIDGED
STRIATIONS ON YOUR
FINGERNAILS!

YOU...YOU'RE
BALMY!



THINK SO?
THEN HERE...READ
ALL ABOUT YOURSELF
...IN THE 13TH BOOK
OF DRUIDICAL
NECROMANCY!

DON'T LOOK SO
STARTLED...READ
IT!

HUH...WOLF-MEN? WHAT
IN BLAZES ARE THOSE?

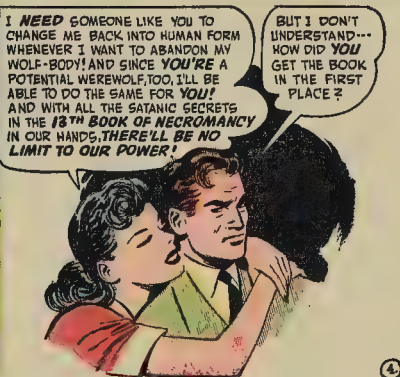
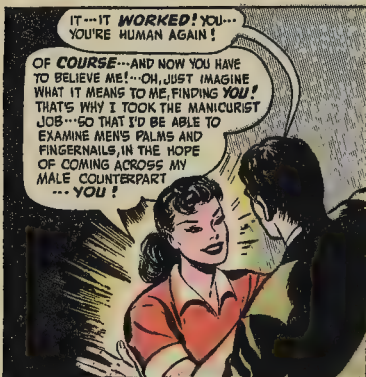
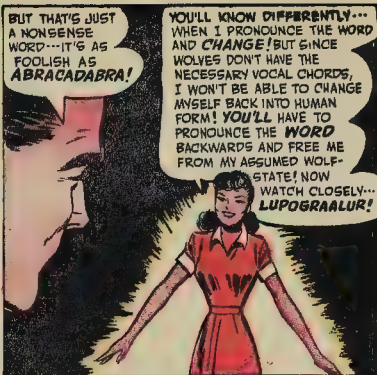
And by these signs shall ye
know the WOLF-MEN! Their hair
be as wiry as that of wolves,
their ears and dog-teeth be
longer than that of ordinary
men, the nails of their fingers
be not smooth but rough, and
their palms be as fleshy and
padded as the paws of beasts...

THEY'RE ALSO KNOWN AS...WERE-
WOLVES! ACCORDING TO THE BOOK
OF NECROMANCY, THE WEREWOLF STRAIN
IS WIDESPREAD AND LATENT IN THE HUMAN
SPECIES! GENERATIONS CAN PASS WITHOUT
ANYONE KNOWING THAT HIS OR HER FAMILY IS
COMPOSED OF POTENTIAL WEREWOLVES!
ONLY WHEN THE SACRED WORD IS PRO-
NOUNCED IN HIS PRESENCE WILL SUCH A
PERSON ACTUALLY BE TRANSFORMED INTO
A WOLF!

YOU ARE BATTY! THERE CAN'T BE SUCH
THINGS LIKE...LIKE THIS SACRED
WORD!

NO? IT'S THE OCCULT WORD OF
TRANSFORMATION...WRITTEN IN
THE 13TH BOOK! HERE, I'LL SHOW
IT TO YOU!...BUT I WARN YOU...
READ IT SILENTLY, DON'T PRO-
NOUNCE IT ALOUD!





EVER SINCE DAD BROUGHT HOME THE BOOK, I'D BEEN STRANGELY FASCINATED BY IT... BUT HE FORBADE ME TO READ IT! AND THEN, THE DAY HE FORGOT TO LOCK THE SAFE, I FOUND THAT I HAD THE INFALLIBLE **SIGNS OF THE WEREWOLF!** OUT OF CURIOSITY, I SPOKE THE WORD ALOUD... AND DAD CAME IN JUST AS I CHANGED INTO A WOLF! A FEROCIOUS DESIRE TO KILL SWEEPED OVER ME... I COULDN'T RESTRAIN MYSELF! POOR DAD...



BUT AS A WOLF, I COULDN'T UTTER THE WORD THAT'D RETURN ME TO HUMAN FORM! IN HIS LAST MOMENTS, DAD CAME TO MY RESCUE AND SPOKE THE WORD! HE... HE KNEW I HADN'T BEEN RESPONSIBLE FOR WHAT I'D DONE! THEN I FLED, AFTER GRABBING THE BOOK THAT WILL GIVE YOU AND ME THE **POWERS OF SATAN HIMSELF!**

SHE MEANS IT! SHE HAS NO CONSCIENCE, NO HUMAN FEELING! BUT I'M NOT LIKE THAT... DESPITE WHAT SHE SAYS! I'VE GOT A **DUTY TO PERFORM!**



THANKS FOR THAT **CONFESSION OF MURDER**, MISS BLODGETT! IT'S GOING TO HEAD YOU RIGHT INTO THE **ELECTRIC CHAIR**... WERE WOLF OR NOT! YOU'RE UNDER **ARREST!**



YOU... YOU! I THOUGHT YOU'D BE HAPPY ABOUT IT AS I WAS... BUT YOU'LL NEVER IMPRISON ME! YOU FORGET I'VE GOT YOU IN MY POWER... AND I'M CHANGING YOU INTO A WOLF RIGHT NOW! **LUPOGRAALUR!**

A **INSTANTANEOUS AGONY** TORE THROUGH ME, AS IF EVERY ATOM IN MY BODY WERE BEING REARRANGED INTO SOME HORRIBLE NEW FORM... INTO A BEAST WHOSE BRAIN SWARMED WITH UNDESIRABLE DESIRES FOR MURDER AND CARNAGE!



THERE... NOW YOU'RE MY PRISONER!

I KNOW WHAT'S GOING ON IN YOUR BRAIN, BUT YOU DON'T **DARE** HARM ME... BECAUSE I'M THE ONLY ONE IN THE WORLD WHO KNOWS THE WORD THAT CAN RESTORE YOU TO HUMAN FORM! YOU'LL HAVE TO DO EXACTLY AS I SAY... OR I'LL NEVER CHANGE YOU BACK!



CONFLICT RAGED IN MY HALF-HUMAN, HALF-BESTIAL BRAIN! WAS I TO OBEY THIS FIEND IN THE HOPE OF BECOMING HUMAN AGAIN... OR WAS I TO SLAY THE SORCERESS WHO HAD CHANGED ME... AND THEREBY DESTROY MY ONLY CHANCE OF REGAINING MY RIGHTFUL SHAPE? THE THOUGHT OF THE UNSPEAKABLE EVIL THIS WITCH COULD WREAK ON THE WORLD MADE ME DECIDE...

YOU... YOU'RE DEFEYING ME... BUT YOU WON'T KILL ME! I'LL CHANGE TO A WOLF... AND TEAR YOU TO PIECES! **LUPOGRAALUR!**

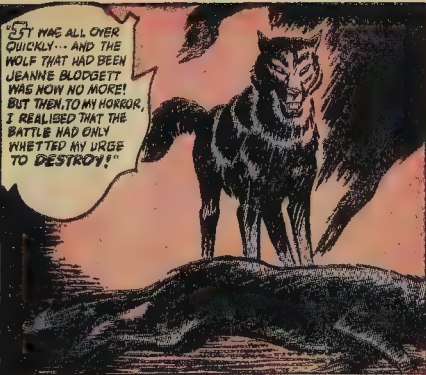


GR-RRR!

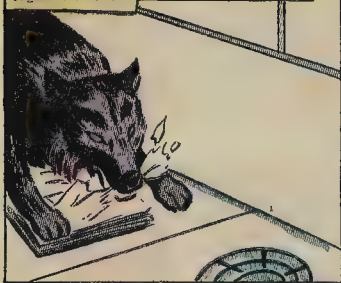
"SHE CHANGED BEFORE I COULD REACH HER! AND AS SHE CLAWED FOR MY THROAT, ALL THE FIERCE SAYAGEEY OF MY WOLF-BLOOD CAME TO THE FORE...AND INSTINCTIVELY, POWERFULLY, I STRUCK BACK!"



"IT WAS ALL OVER QUICKLY... AND THE WOLF THAT HAD BEEN JEANNE BLOODGETT WAS NOW NO MORE! BUT THEN, TO MY HORROR, I REALIZED THAT THE BATTLE HAD ONLY WHETTED MY URGE TO DESTROY!"



"BEFORE I TURNED COMPLETELY INTO A RAVENOUS MONSTER, BEFORE I HARMED INNOCENT PEOPLE, I WOULD HAVE TO DO AWAY WITH MYSELF! BUT FIRST, I HAD A DUTY TO HUMANITY...TO DESTROY THAT BOOK OF EVIL, THE 13TH BOOK OF DRUIDICAL NECROMANCY!"



"I PUSHED THE SATANICAL WORK ONTO THE GAS BURNER OF THE KITCHEN STOVE! IT WAS THE PILOT-LIGHT, SELF-IGNITING TYPE...AND WHEN I LEAPED DOWN AND TURNED THE GAS-JET WITH MY TEETH, THE BOOK WENT UP IN FLAMES!"



"THEN, DOWN THE STAIRS..."

HELP!



"...AND INTO THE STREETS OF THE CITY, WHERE I HAD TO SUMMON UP THE LAST REMNANTS OF MY HUMAN WILL-POWER TO KEEP ME FROM TURNING AND LEAPING AT THE THROATS OF THOSE WHO PURSUED ME!"

A WOLF... KILL IT!

I WINGED 'IM! BUT HE'S DUCKING INTO THAT ALLEY... HE'LL GET AWAY!



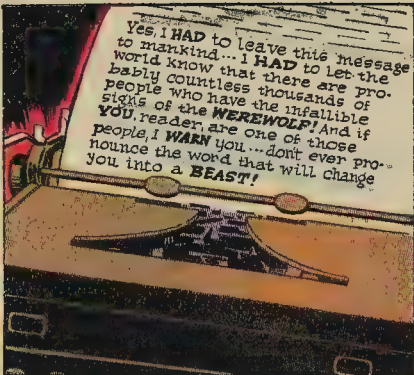
"YES, I DID GET AWAY...IN AN AGONY OF PAIN FROM THE BULLET WOUNDS IN MY SIDE! HALF-DEAD WITH LOGS OF BLOOD, I KEPT CRAWLING ON...KNOWING THAT I HAD TO STAY ALIVE UNTIL I'D LEFT MY WARNING TO THE WORLD! FINALLY, I REACHED MY DESTINATION...THE ONE HOUSE IN TOWN WITH A SILVER-TIPPED FENCE AROUND IT!"



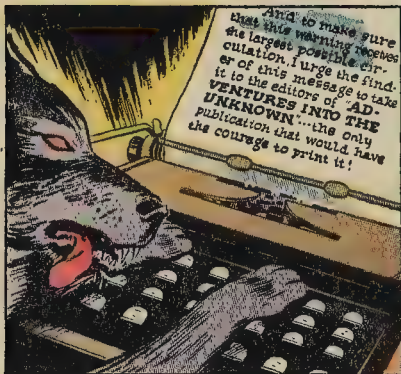
"INSIDE, I FOUND I WAS IN LUCK... FOR NO ONE WAS HOME! AND THEN, THE ONE MEANS OF TRANSMITTING MY WARNING TO THE WORLD... A **TYPEWRITER!**"



Yes, I **HAD** to leave this message to mankind... I **HAD** to let the world know that there are probably countless thousands of people who have the infallible signs of the **WEREWOLF!** And if you, reader, are one of those people, I **WARN** you... don't ever pronounce the word that will change you into a **BEAST!**



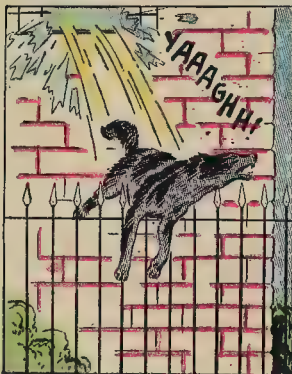
And to make sure that this warning receives the largest possible circulation, I urge the finder of this message to take it to the editors of "**AD-VENTURES INTO THE UNKNOWN**"... the only publication that would have the courage to print it!



CRASH!

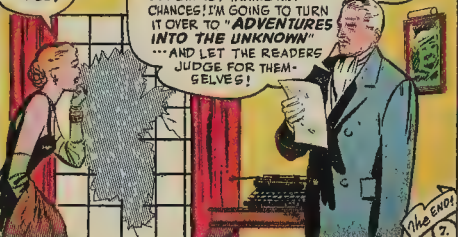


But now... I'm growing weak... I'd better do what I must while I still have the strength...



IT... IT'S GHASTLY... COMING HOME TO FIND A... A **WOLF** IMPALED ON OUR FENCE!

YES, ON OUR **SILVER-TIPPED FENCE!** AND IT'S ALMOST AS IF HE **PICKED** OUR HOUSE TO COMMIT SUICIDE IN... BECAUSE ACCORDING TO THE LEGENDS, A WEREWOLF CAN BE ASSURED OF ETERNAL PEACE ONLY IF A SILVER WEAPON PIERCES HIS HEART! I DON'T KNOW WHETHER THIS STARTLING STORY LEFT IN OUR TYPEWRITER IS TRUE, BUT I'M NOT TAKING ANY CHANCES! I'M GOING TO TURN IT OVER TO "**ADVENTURES INTO THE UNKNOWN**"... AND LET THE READERS JUDGE FOR THEMSELVES!



THE END!
17

JUNE 12, 1951

NANCY HARRINGTON POKED impatiently at the elevator bell for the eighth time, and for the seventh time looked at her wristwatch in bewilderment. It was seven o'clock now, but she'd worked even later at the office some nights and had never before had any trouble in getting the elevator. Finally, irritation mounting in her, Nancy decided to walk the five flights down to the street level. But when she finally reached the main floor, there was no elevatorman there for her to castigate. The elevator door was yawning wide open, the lobby was deserted--and for the first time, Nancy became aware of the strange, uncanny stillness around her.

Puzzled, wondering why she wasn't hearing the usual cacophony of honking horns and newsboys' shouts outside the office building, Nancy wandered out--and gaped in disbelief. The street was a shambles of wrecked automobiles. Apparently all the drivers had suddenly vanished, leaving the cars to smash up against each other and against the sides of the buildings. There wasn't a soul visible, nor was there a sound to be heard...as if the entire city had suddenly become depopulated.

Trying hard to keep the panic within her from rising to the surface, Nancy walked swiftly to the corner of Main and Broadway--and saw the same terrible sight of wrecked cars...and the same unbelievably deserted streets. At this hour, there should have been a line waiting in front of the Grand Theatre, but now there wasn't even anyone in the ticket booth. Slowly, walking as if in a dream that she would soon awake from, Nancy entered the theatre--and was confronted by a screen that was still flickering with the latest movie epic...and by rows upon rows of empty seats.

"It...it's as if everyone just disappeared a few minutes ago," Nancy breathed in terror. "It must have been done by some new secret weapon. I haven't heard the radio all day--maybe war was declared and I didn't know about it!"

Running out to the street, Nancy picked up a paper from an untended newsstand and glanced fearfully at the headlines. No, there was nothing new there. The front page was still filled with threats and counter-threats between East and West, but the warm war of propaganda had not yet erupted into a hot one of actual atomic bombings and germ warfare. But one news item caught Nancy's eye: "Mt. Wilson, California, June 12, 1951. Astronomers at the Mt. Wilson Observatory here today reported that a strange object from outer space was advancing with phenomenal speed towards the Earth. There was some speculation that it might be a space ship from some unknown world, and the Defense Department was instantly notified..."

Nancy looked up suddenly as a brilliant light lit up the sky above her. To her amazed disbelief and frantic terror, she saw an unearthly, disc-shaped object hovering a few hundred feet above the street level. A moment later, before Nancy could turn and run, a voice seemed to speak within her brain.

"We of the world of Arcturus are speaking to you by means of mental telepathy, Nancy Harrington. Do not attempt to flee from us...it will be useless. For many hundreds of years, we Arcturians have been anxiously observing the history of your planet Earth through our radeon-cosmic screens, hoping that you Earthlings would learn to outlaw wars and live in peace. But when we saw that you were all about to embark on a blind and fruitless war that would have destroyed every form of life with poisonous radiation and deadly germs and gases, we decided to take a hand and prevent the extermination of your race.

"We have caused the disappearance of every human except a handful of the sanest and kindest among you...and you are one of those, Nancy Harrington. Climb the ladder that will be lowered to you, and come meet the fellow humans who will start the human race all over again, with the help of us Arcturians...your friends!"

Announcing

OPERATION: PERIL



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NEW IN THRILLING STORIES WHICH
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COLORFUL SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE
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OPERATION: PERIL

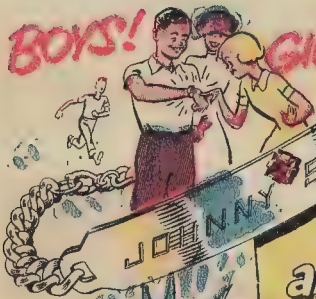
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Do you want birthstone? ☐ YES ☐ NO

If YES, give month of birth _____

Wrist Size Large ☐ Small ☐

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

The VAMPIRE'S VICTIM



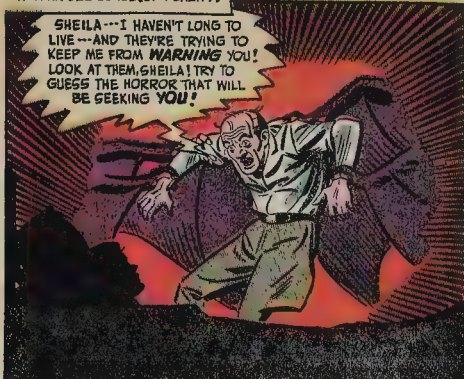
A WARNING FROM THE DARK PORTALS OF DEATH IS TERRIFYING ENOUGH... BUT THIS WAS A PROPHECY VIVID AS A CURSE... WITH WINGED CREATURES REARING BLACKLY FROM A MIDNIGHT VISION! **SHEILA DUNCAN** TRIED TO DISMISS IT AS A DREAM... BUT NIGHT AFTER NIGHT SHE DREW CLOSER TO **THE VAMPIRE'S VICTIM!**

MANY A PERSON HAS HEARD HIS NAME CALLED FROM THE ENDLESS DEPTHS OF AN UNREMEMBERED DREAM... BUT THE VOICE HEARD BY **SHEILA DUNCAN** WAS A VOICE THAT SLOWLY STIRRED... AND TOOK SHAPE!

BIT BY BIT, THE VISION GREW CLEARER... A NIGHTMARE EDGED WITH A TERRIBLE SENSE OF REALITY!



AN OLD MAN... HE'S STRUGGLING... HE'S TRYING TO TELL ME SOMETHING!



SHEILA... I HAVEN'T LONG TO LIVE... AND THEY'RE TRYING TO KEEP ME FROM **WARNING YOU!** LOOK AT THEM, SHEILA! TRY TO GUESS THE HORROR THAT WILL BE SEEKING YOU!

WHEN, MUFFLING THE PRANTIC VOICE...
STIFLING THE PANTING BREATH...

WATCH FOR THE
SIGNS, SHEILA! I'LL TRY
TO REACH YOU... BEFORE
IT'S **TOO LATE!**

...SHEILA AWAKENS... TREMBLING...

I CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHAT THOSE
HIDEOUS CREATURES MEAN... OR
WHY THE OLD MAN SO DESPERATELY
TRIED TO GET SOMETHING ACROSS
TO **ME!** I'VE NEVER PAID ANY
ATTENTION TO DREAMS, BUT
THIS ONE WAS TOO VIVID TO
SHRUG OFF... AND THE ONLY
ONE WHO **MIGHT** EXPLAIN
IT IS THAT OLD FORTUNE-
TELLER I'VE HEARD OF
...**MADAME SYKIE!**

NEXT DAY...

THOSE JAGGED
BLACK WINGS WERE
SO HIDEOUS, MADAME
SYKIE... I CAN'T
SHAKE OFF THE
IDEA IT WAS A
SIGN OF IMPENDING
EVIL!

YOU ARE BEING NEED-
LESSLY ALARMED, MY
DEAR! AMONG THE
ANCIENTS... A DREAM
OF **BATS** MERELY
MEANT THAT A LOVED
ONE WAS THINKING OF
THE DREAMER!

THAT CAN'T EXPLAIN **MY**
DREAM... BECAUSE I'VE BEEN
AN ORPHAN SINCE INFANCY! THE
OLD MAN WAS SOMEONE I'D
NEVER SEEN BEFORE... AND THERE
WAS SOMETHING HORRIBLY REAL
ABOUT THE WAY HE BEGGED ME
TO WATCH FOR SOME KIND OF
SIGN!

IN THAT CASE, HIS WILL
POWER MAY BE ABLE TO
TRANSMIT AN IMAGE TO
YOUR UNCONSCIOUS
MIND... AN IMAGE THAT
CAN BE CAPTURED BY MY
CRYSTAL BALL! CLOSE YOUR
EYES... LET YOUR THOUGHTS
BE A BLANK...
AND LET ME CON-
CENTRATE!

FROM THE GLEAMING, ENDLESS
VOID OF THE CRYSTAL...

YAAAGH!

OHH!

GOOD HEAVENS!
MADAME SYKIE...
WHAT'S HAPPENED?



SHE'S... DEAD! SHE MUST HAVE SEEN SOMETHING UNSPEAKABLY HORRIBLE...AND THE SHOCK WAS TOO MUCH FOR HER!



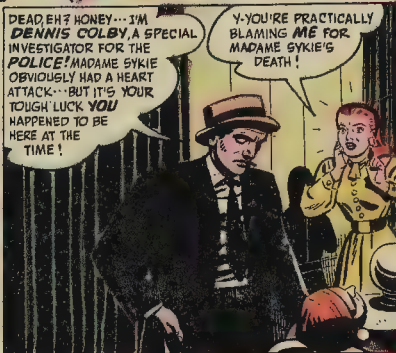
IN THE NEXT SECOND...

OH!

I'VE BEEN WAITING A LONG TIME TO CATCH MADAME SYKIE HOLDING ONE OF HER ILLEGAL SEANCES...AND THIS LOOKS LIKE IT!



THAT'S STRANGE...I'M SURE I HEARD SOMEONE SCUTTLE BEHIND HERE!



DEAD, EH? HONEY...I'M DENNIS COLBY, A SPECIAL INVESTIGATOR FOR THE POLICE! MADAME SYKIE OBVIOUSLY HAD A HEART ATTACK...BUT IT'S YOUR TOUGH LUCK YOU HAPPENED TO BE HERE AT THE TIME!

Y-YOU'RE PRACTICALLY BLAMING ME FOR MADAME SYKIE'S DEATH!



FIRST THERE WAS THE OLD MAN IN MY DREAM, TRYING TO EXPLAIN SOMETHING THAT SEEMED TOO HORRIBLE FOR WORDS...AND NOW **THIS!** I CAME TO MADAME SYKIE FOR HELP BUT IT'S JUST AS IF I WAS THE BEARER OF A CURSE...A CURSE THAT CLAIMED ITS FIRST VICTIM!



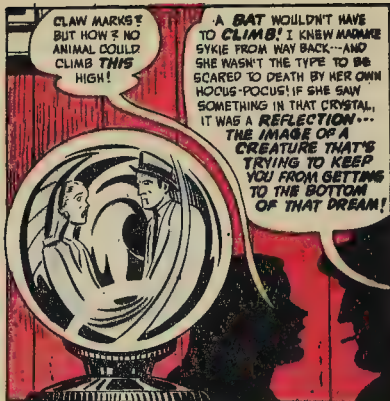
I'VE BEEN LOOKING INTO THE FORTUNE-TELLING RACKET LONG ENOUGH TO HAVE PICKED UP A WORKING KNOWLEDGE OF THE SUPERNATURAL...AND I CAN SEE YOU REALLY DO NEED HELP! SUPPOSE WE START AT THE BEGINNING?

YOU MEAN THE DREAM? IT WAS A VIVID IMAGE OF A STRANGE OLD MAN WHO TRIED TO WARN ME OF SOMETHING BEFORE HE DIED...BUT **THEY** WOULDN'T LET HIM FINISH! THEIR BLACK WINGS CREEPT AROUND HIM IN SMOOTHERING FOLDS...AND IF I TRIED TO TELL YOU WHAT THEY WERE LIKE, YOU'D THINK I'M CRAZY!



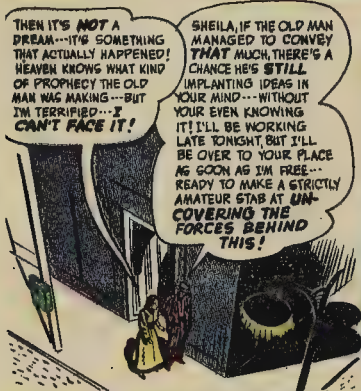
I CAN SEE YOU
DON'T BELIEVE ME
---YOU'RE NOT EVEN
LISTENING!

YOU MAY NOT THINK SO,
BABY---BUT I'M JUST TRY-
ING TO TIE IT IN WITH
THESE SCRATCHES ON THE
WINDOW FRAME...BECAUSE
THEY **COULD BE CLAW
MARKS!**



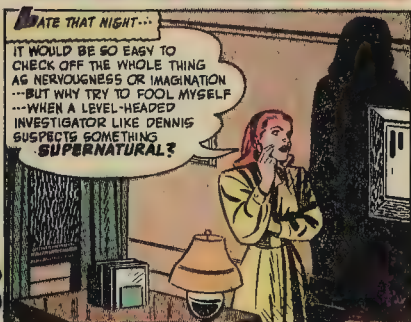
CLAW MARKS?
BUT HOW? NO
ANIMAL COULD
CLIMB **THIS**
HIGH!

A **BAT** WOULDN'T HAVE
TO **CLIMB!** I KNEW MARKE
SYKIE FROM WAY BACK---AND
SHE WASN'T THE TYPE TO BE
SCARED TO DEATH BY HER OWN
HOCUS-POCUS! IF SHE SAW
SOMETHING IN THAT CRYSTAL,
IT WAS A **REFLECTION...**
THE **IMAGE OF A**
CREATURE THAT'S
TRYING TO KEEP
YOU FROM GETTING
TO THE BOTTOM
OF THAT DREAM!



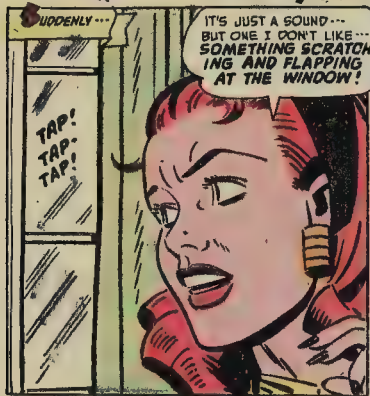
THEN IT'S **NOT A**
DREAM---IT'S SOMETHING
THAT ACTUALLY HAPPENED!
HEAVEN KNOWS WHAT KIND
OF PROPHECY THE OLD
MAN WAS MAKING---BUT
I'M TERRIFIED---I
CAN'T FACE IT!

SHEILA, IF THE OLD MAN
MANAGED TO CONVEY
THAT MUCH, THERE'S A
CHANCE HE'S **STILL**
IMPLANTING IDEAS IN
YOUR MIND---WITHOUT
YOUR EVEN KNOWING
IT! I'LL BE WORKING
LATE TONIGHT, BUT I'LL
BE OVER TO YOUR PLACE
AS SOON AS I'M FREE---
READY TO MAKE A STRICTLY
AMATEUR STAB AT **UN-**
COVERING THE
FORCES BEHIND
THIS!



LATE THAT NIGHT---

IT WOULD BE SO EASY TO
CHECK OFF THE WHOLE THING
AS NERVOUSNESS OR IMAGINATION
---BUT WHY TRY TO FOOL MYSELF
---WHEN A LEVEL-HEADED
INVESTIGATOR LIKE DENNIS
SUSPECTS SOMETHING
SUPERNATURAL?

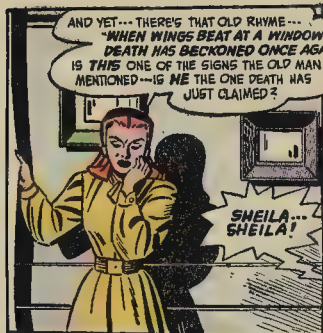


SUDDENLY---

IT'S JUST A SOUND---
BUT ONE I DON'T LIKE---
SOMETHING SCRATCHING-
ING AND FLAPPING
AT THE WINDOW!

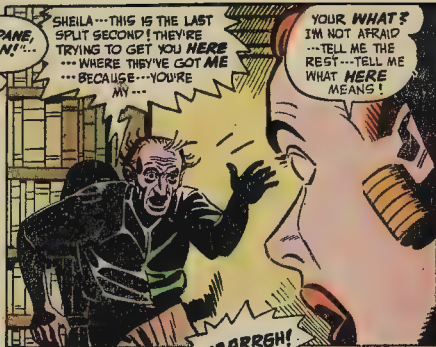


NOW I **KNOW** I'M NERVOUS!
IT'S ONLY A LITTLE BIRD---
PLUTTERING AGAINST
THE GLASS AND TRYING
TO GET IN!



AND YET... THERE'S THAT OLD RHYME...
"WHEN WINGS BEAT AT A WINDOW PANE,
DEATH HAS BECKONED ONCE AGAIN!"...
IS THIS ONE OF THE SIGNS THE OLD MAN
MENTIONED---IG ME THE ONE DEATH WAS
JUST CLAIMED?

SHEILA...
SHEILA!



SHEILA... THIS IS THE LAST
SPLIT SECOND! THEY'RE
TRYING TO GET YOU HERE
---WHERE THEY'VE GOT ME
---BECAUSE---YOU'RE
MY---

YOUR WHAT?
I'M NOT AFRAID
---TELL ME THE
REST---TELL ME
WHAT HERE
MEANS!

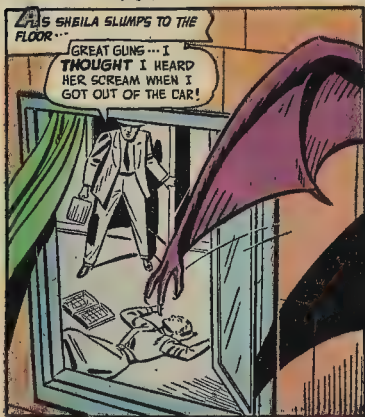


AAAARGH!



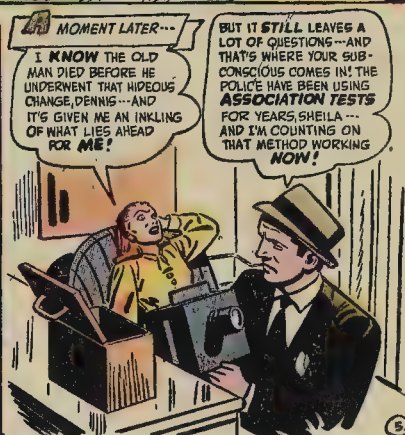
TRANSFORMED
IN A FLASH OF
TERROR---

NO...NO
---NOT ONE
OF THOSE!



SHEILA SLUMPS TO THE
FLOOR...

GREAT GUN... I
THOUGHT I HEARD
HER SCREAM WHEN I
GOT OUT OF THE CAR!



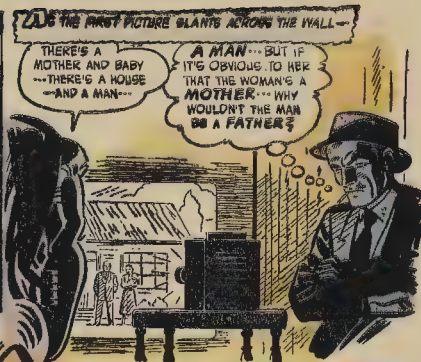
MOMENT LATER---

I KNOW THE OLD
MAN DIED BEFORE HE
UNDERWENT THAT HIDEOUS
CHANGE, DENNIS---AND
IT'S GIVEN ME AN INKLING
OF WHAT LIES AHEAD
FOR ME!

BUT IT STILL LEAVES A
LOT OF QUESTIONS---AND
THAT'S WHERE YOUR SUB-
CONSCIOUS COMES IN! THE
POLICE HAVE BEEN USING
ASSOCIATION TESTS
FOR YEARS, SHEILA ---
AND I'M COUNTING ON
THAT METHOD WORKING
NOW!



SHEILA, YOU'RE GOING UNDER---YOU'RE FALLING INTO A TRANCE! BUT YOU'RE GOING TO SEE THE IMAGES I PROJECT ONTO THE WALL---AND TELL ME WHAT THEY ARE!



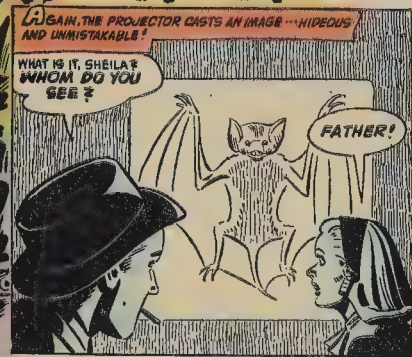
AS THE FIRST PICTURE GLANTS ACROSS THE WALL---

THERE'S A MOTHER AND BABY---THERE'S A HOUSE---AND A MAN---

A MAN---BUT IF IT'S OBVIOUS...TO HER THAT THE WOMAN'S A MOTHER---WHY WOULDN'T THE MAN BE A FATHER?



NOW, BABY--- I WANT YOU TO BRACE YOURSELF! I WANT YOU TO FORGET HORROR AND NIGHTMARES---AND TELL ME WHAT YOU SEE!



AGAIN, THE PROJECTOR CASTS AN IMAGE---HIDEOUS AND UNMISTAKABLE!

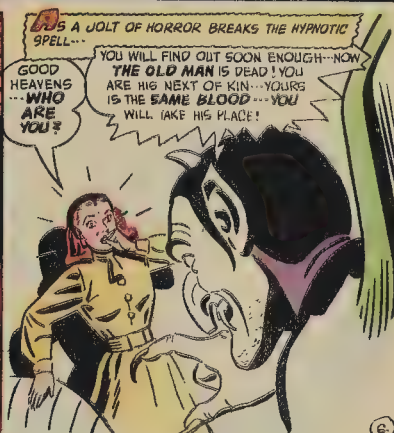
WHAT IS IT, SHEILA? WHOM DO YOU SEE?

FATHER!



IN THE NEXT INSTANT---

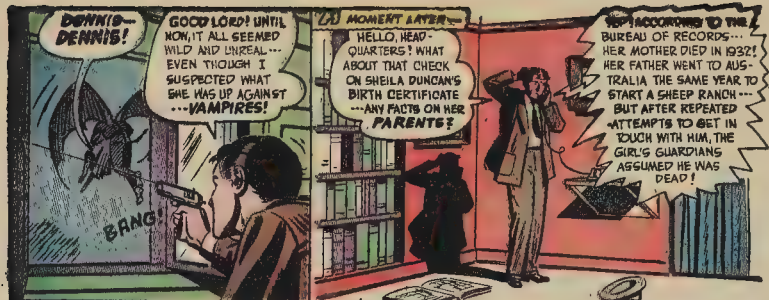
POW!



AS A JOLT OF HORROR BREAKS THE HYPNOTIC SPELL---

GOOD HEAVENS WHO ARE YOU?

YOU WILL FIND OUT SOON ENOUGH---NOW THE OLD MAN IS DEAD! YOU ARE HIS NEXT OF KIN---YOURS IS THE SAME BLOOD---YOU WILL TAKE HIS PLACE!



**DENNIS--
DENNIS!**

GOOD LORD! UNTIL
NOW, IT ALL SEEMED
WILD AND UNREAL...
EVEN THOUGH I
SUSPECTED WHAT
SHE WAS UP AGAINST
---**VAMPIRES!**

BANG!

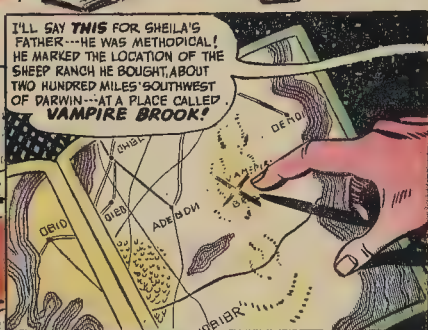
A MOMENT LATER--

HELLO, HEAD-
QUARTERS! WHAT
ABOUT THAT CHECK
ON SHEILA DUNCAN'S
BIRTH CERTIFICATE
---ANY FACTS ON HER
PARENTS?

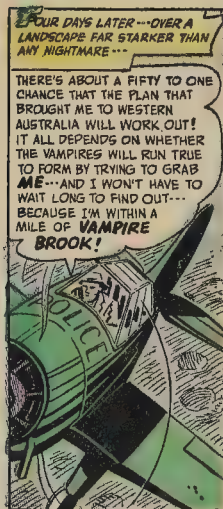
---ACCORDING TO THE
BUREAU OF RECORDS...
HER MOTHER DIED IN 1932!
HER FATHER WENT TO AUS-
TRALIA THE SAME YEAR TO
START A SHEEP RANCH...
BUT AFTER REPEATED
ATTEMPTS TO GET IN
TOUCH WITH HIM, THE
GIRL'S GUARDIANS
ASSUMED HE WAS
DEAD!



GREAT GUNS!
ANY OTHER TIME, I'D
SAY IT WAS A COINCID-
ENCE...BUT NOT WHEN
SHEILA WAS EXPECTING
CLUES THAT WOULD
EXPLAIN HER DREAM!
THAT ATLAS IS LYING
...OPEN WHERE IT FELL...
**AT A MAP OF
AUSTRALIA!**

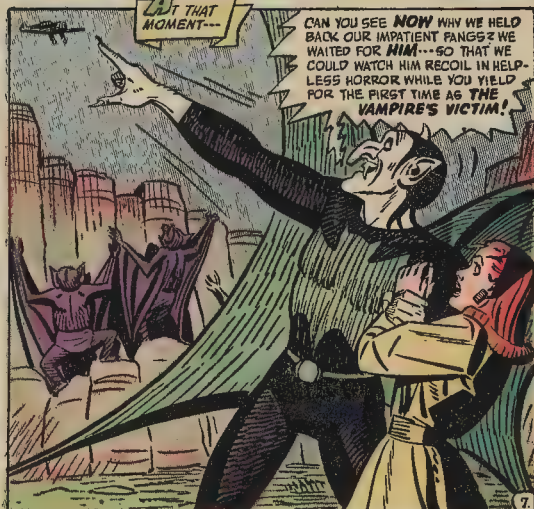


I'LL SAY **THIS** FOR SHEILA'S
FATHER---HE WAS METHODICAL!
HE MARKED THE LOCATION OF THE
SHEEP RANCH HE BOUGHT, ABOUT
TWO HUNDRED MILES' SOUTHWEST
OF DARWIN...AT A PLACE CALLED
VAMPIRE BROOK!



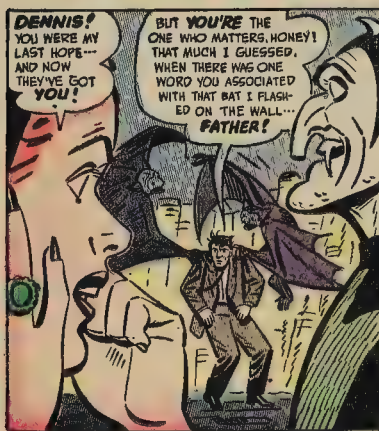
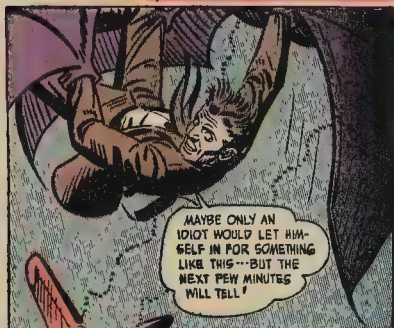
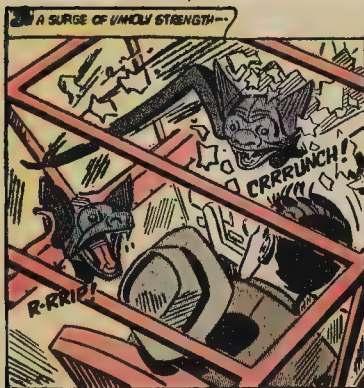
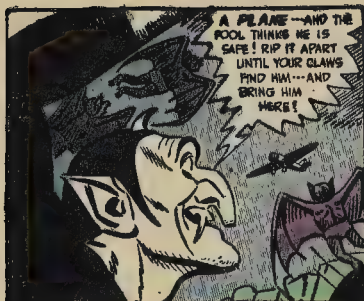
**FOUR DAYS LATER---OVER A
LANDSCAPE FAR STARKER THAN
ANY NIGHTMARE---**

THERE'S ABOUT A FIFTY TO ONE
CHANCE THAT THE PLAN THAT
BROUGHT ME TO WESTERN
AUSTRALIA WILL WORK OUT!
IT ALL DEPENDS ON WHETHER
THE VAMPIRES WILL RUN TRUE
TO FORM BY TRYING TO GRAB
ME...AND I WON'T HAVE TO
WAIT LONG TO FIND OUT...
BECAUSE I'M WITHIN A
MILE OF **VAMPIRE
BROOK!**

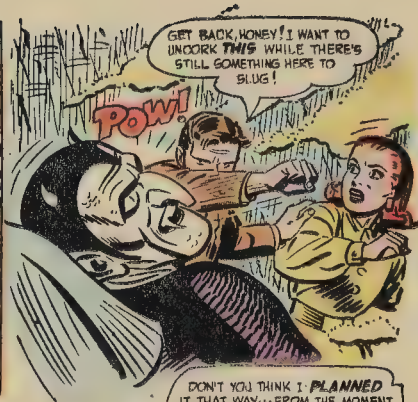


**AT THAT
MOMENT---**

CAN YOU SEE **NOW** WHY WE HELD
BACK OUR IMPATIENT PANGS? WE
WAITED FOR **HIM**...SO THAT WE
COULD WATCH HIM RECOIL IN HELP-
LESS HORROR WHILE YOU YIELD
FOR THE FIRST TIME AS **THE
VAMPIRE'S VICTIM!**



SECONDS LATER...AS THE GLOSSY BLACK WINGS
RUSTLE WITH A VAGUE RESTLESSNESS...





**DON'T MISS
The KILROYS**

...FEATURING NATCH, THE MOST
TERRIFIC TEENSTER IN TOWN!
GET YOUR COPY NOW...AND
START HOWLING! YOU'LL LIVE
WITH KILROY...LAUGH WITH
KILROY...LOVE WITH KILROY!
IT'S ALL IN ...

... IN THE GAYEST, GIDDIEST,
GREATEST COMICS MAGAZINE
YOU'VE EVER READ! IT'S

The KILROYS

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FUNFEST THAT MAKES LIFE WORTH
LAFFING! IT'S **The KILROYS** ...
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The KILROYS
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An
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COMFORT
OWNERS

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NYLON MESH
FAST SELLER**

Just blow through mesh—take
easy orders for sensational Air
Cooled slip-on style—PLUS over
153 other fine comfort shoes in
the 47 year old famous Mason line.

**Make Big MONEY
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Men and women everywhere waiting to see and buy
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dress, work, sport, wear! Fast relief from aching feet
brings plenty of **MOPEAT ORDERS!** Send post
card now for **FREE OUTFIT**.

WE SHOW YOU HOW!

Everything you need to start furnished **FREE!** Who
to see—what to say—how to multiply orders—secrets
of successful selling all yours when you get this
line! Write today! State your age!

Add juicy commissions when you
sell jackets, shirts, raincoats to
men and women shoe customers.
Included in **FREE OUTFIT**.
Send your name, address, age
TODAY.

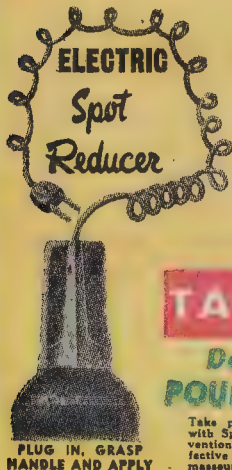


MASON **SHOE**
WFG. CO.

Dept. M-728, Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin

REDUCE KEEP SLIM AT HOME

WITH RELAXING, SOOTHING MASSAGE!



PLUG IN, GRASP
HANDLE AND APPLY



UNDERWRITERS
LABORATORY
APPROVED

FOR GREATEST BENEFIT IN REDUCING by massage, use spot REDUCER with or without electricity. Also used as an aid in the relief of pains for which massage is indicated.



TAKE OFF UGLY FAT!

Don't Stay FAT—You Can LOSE POUNDS and INCHES SAFELY without risking HEALTH

Take pounds off—keep slim and trim with Spot Reducer! Remarkable new invention which uses one of the most effective reducing methods employed by masseurs and Turkish baths—MASSAGE! With the SPOT REDUCER you can now enjoy the benefits of RELAXING, SOOTHING massage in the privacy of your own home! Simple to use—just plug in, grasp handle and apply over most any part of the body—stomach, hips, chest, neck, thighs, arms, buttocks, etc. The relaxing, soothing massage breaks down FATTY TISSUES, tones the muscles and flesh, and the increased awakened blood

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When you use the Spot Reducer, it's almost like having your own private masseur at home. It's fun reducing this way! It not only helps you reduce and keep slim—but also aids in the relief of those types of aches and pains—and tired nerves that can be helped by massage! The Spot Reducer is handsomely made of light weight aluminum and rubber and truly a beautiful invention you will be thankful you own. AC 110 volts.

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Relax with electric Spot Reducer. See how soothing its gentle massage can be. Helps you sleep. Gentle massage can be of benefit.



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Order it Today!

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!

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Please send me the Spot Reducer for 10 days trial period. I enclose \$1, upon arrival I will pay postman only \$8.95 plus postage and handling. If not delighted I may return SPOT REDUCER within 10 days for prompt refund of full purchase price.

Name

Address

City State

SAVE POSTAGE—check here if you enclose \$9.95 with Coupon. We pay all postage and handling charges. Same money back guarantee applies.

LOSE WEIGHT OR NO CHARGE

The MAN WHO MET HIS OWN GHOST

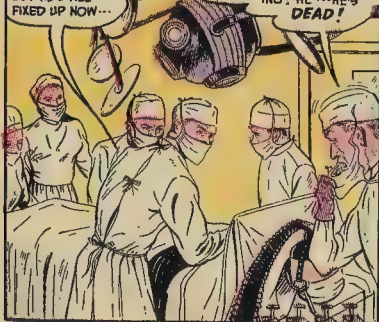


CAN A MAN HAVE MORE THAN ONE GHOST? CAN HE BE HAUNTED BY TWO SPECTRAL SHADOWS... EACH A PREMONITION OF HIS OWN DEATH? YOU'LL FIND STRANGE AND CHILLING ANSWERS IN THE EERIEST, MOST UNUSUAL GHOST STORY YOU'VE EVER READ... THE TALE OF THE MAN WHO MET HIS OWN GHOST!

NASTY ACCIDENT THIS CHAP HAD... IT'S A MIRACLE I PULLED HIM THROUGH! BUT HE'S ALL FIXED UP NOW...

DOCTOR, I... I'M AFRAID I GAVE HIM TOO MUCH ANESTHESIA... HIS HEART'S STOPPED BEATING! HE... HE'S DEAD!

YOU BLUNDERING IDIOT... I SAVED THIS MAN'S LIFE AND YOU KILL HIM! BUT THERE'S STILL A CHANCE... I'M GOING TO TRY THAT NEW CARDIO-STIMULATING TECHNIQUE THAT'S JUST BEEN DEVELOPED... MASSAGING A HEART EVEN AFTER IT'S STOPPED BEATING, IN AN EFFORT TO START ITS ACTION AGAIN! THERE'S ONE CHANCE IN A MILLION IT'LL WORK...
SCALPEL, QUICKLY!



THE DELICATE INCISION IS MADE...THE FAMED SURGEON'S SKILLED HANDS PROBE THE CHEST CAVITY...DELICATELY MASSAGE THE LIFELESS, PULSELESS HEART, TRYING DESPERATELY TO STIMULATE IT...ATTEMPTING THE MODERN MEDICAL MIRACLE OF REAWAKENING THE DEAD!

YOU'VE BEEN WORKING ON HIS HEART FOR TWENTY MINUTES NOW, DOCTOR! IT'S HOPELESS...YOU MIGHT AS WELL GIVE UP!

NO...WAIT...I...I FEEL IT! HIS HEART...IT'S BEGINNING TO BEAT AGAIN...I'VE DONE IT!



CONGRATULATIONS, DOCTOR... THAT WAS THE MOST MASTERFUL JOB I'VE EVER SEEN! PETER CORBIN IS ALIVE, THANKS TO YOU! YOU LITERALLY RAISED HIM FROM THE DEAD!

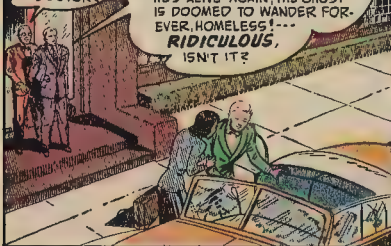
PLEASE...DON'T PUT IT THAT WAY! IT...IT ALMOST MAKES IT SOUND AS IF I'D SNATCHED HIM BACK OUT OF SOME UNKNOWN WORLD...AS IF I'D TAMPERED WITH STRANGE FORCES THAT ARE HIDDEN FROM MORTAL MAN!



WEEKS LATER...

WELL, THERE GOES YOUNG CORBIN... HE AND HIS BRIDE HAVE A LOT TO THANK YOU FOR, DOCTOR!

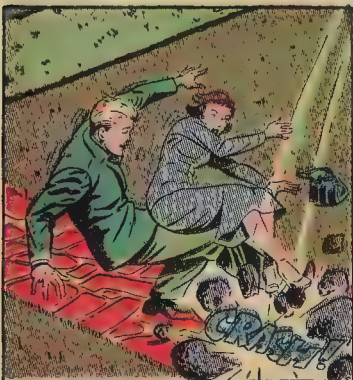
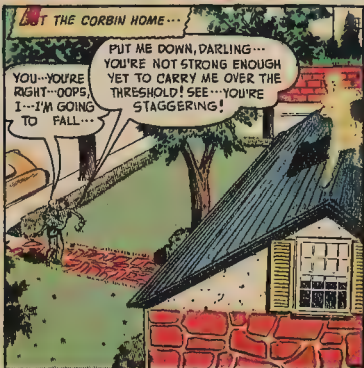
I'VE BEEN SO INTERESTED IN HIS CASE THAT IT'S EVEN DISTURBED MY SLEEP! MATTER OF FACT, I HAD A WEIRD DREAM ABOUT HIM LAST NIGHT! I DREAMED THAT DURING THE SHORT PERIOD WHEN HE WAS DEAD, HIS GHOST HAD LEFT HIS BODY...AND NOW THAT HE'S ALIVE AGAIN, THE GHOST IS DOOMED TO WANDER FOREVER, HOMELESS!...
RIDICULOUS, ISN'T IT?



OUT THE CORBIN HOME...

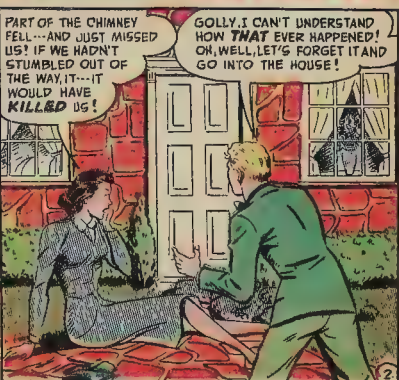
YOU...YOU'RE RIGHT...OOPS, I...I'M GOING TO FALL...

PUT ME DOWN, DARLING... YOU'RE NOT STRONG ENOUGH YET TO CARRY ME OVER THE THRESHOLD! SEE...YOU'RE STAGGERING!



PART OF THE CHIMNEY FELL...AND JUST MISSED US! IF WE HADN'T STUMBLED OUT OF THE WAY, IT...IT WOULD HAVE KILLED US!

GOLLY, I CAN'T UNDERSTAND HOW THAT EVER HAPPENED! OH, WELL, LET'S FORGET IT AND GO INTO THE HOUSE!



THAT'S ODD...THE LIGHTS DON'T WORK!

I'LL GO DOWN TO THE CELLAR AND CHECK THE FUSE-BOX!

BE CAREFUL, DEAR...YOU'RE PROBABLY STILL WOBBLY ON YOUR FEET AFTER ALL THOSE WEEKS IN THE HOSPITAL!

I'M GOING DOWN VERY SLOWLY...**DOOPS!**

PETER...ARE...ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

IT'S LUCKY I WAS GOING DOWN SLOWLY...OR ELSE I'D HAVE BROKEN MY NECK! GET THE FLASHLIGHT FOR ME...I WANT TO SEE WHAT I TRIPPED OVER!

A **WIRE**...STRETCHED ACROSS THE STAIRS! WHO COULD HAVE GOTTEN INTO THE LOCKED HOUSE TO PUT IT THERE?

FIRST THE FALLING CHIMNEY...AND NOW **THIS**! DARLING, I...I HATE TO SAY THIS, BUT IT LOOKS AS IF SOMEONE WANTS ONE OR BOTH OF US KILLED...SOMEONE OR **SOMETHING** THAT CAN VANISH FROM THE ROOF IN A SPLIT SECOND AND GET INTO A LOCKED HOUSE WITHOUT LEAVING A TRACE! I'M GOING TO GET MY GUN AND MAKE A THOROUGH SEARCH OF THE HOUSE!

WELL, I'LL BE...!

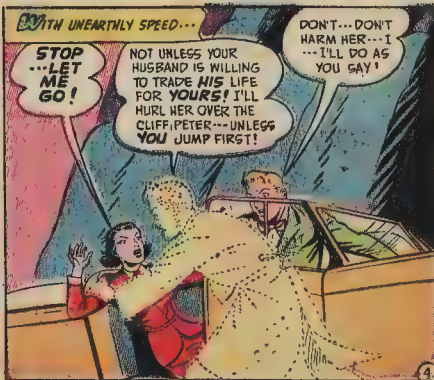
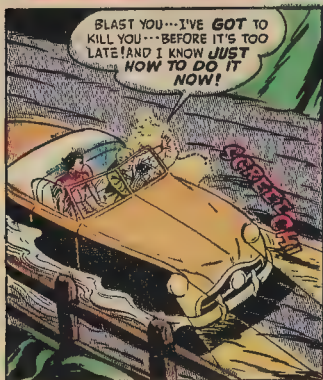
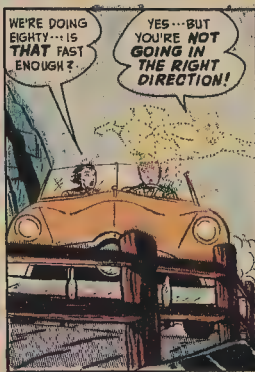
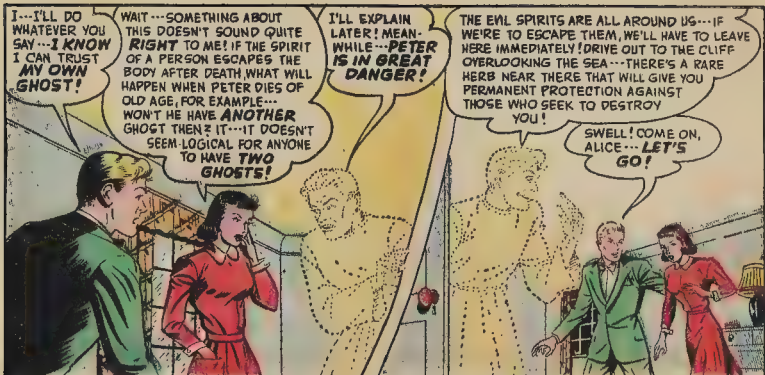
THAT EERIE GLOW...IT...IT'S A **GHOST!**

OF COURSE, I'M A GHOST...BUT DON'T YOU RECOGNIZE ME, PETER? DON'T YOU KNOW YOUR **OWN GHOST** WHEN YOU SEE IT?

IT'S **UNBELIEVABLE!** I...I'VE HEARD OF PEOPLE SEEING GHOSTS, BUT I NEVER HEARD OF ANYONE MEETING HIS **OWN** GHOST BEFORE! BUT YOU...YOU **DO** LOOK EXACTLY LIKE ME...AND YOU'RE EVEN WEARING THE OPERATING GOWN I HAD ON WHEN I...I...

YES, SAY IT...WHEN YOU **DIED!** I'M THE SPIRIT THAT LEFT YOUR BODY WHEN YOU DIED ON THE OPERATING TABLE! I LOOK LIKE YOU BECAUSE EVERY SPIRIT MUST RESEMBLE EXACTLY THE BODY FROM WHICH IT FLED AT THE TIME OF DEATH!

BUT WHEN YOU WERE **REVIVED** FROM THE DEAD, CERTAIN EVIL POWERS IN THE NETHERWORLD IMMEDIATELY BEGAN PLOTTING TO KILL YOU...BECAUSE THEY FELT THEY HAD BEEN CHEATED OUT OF A BODY THAT WAS RIGHTLY **THEIRS!** THEY WERE THE ONES WHO LOOSENED THE CHIMNEY AND TIED THE WIRE ACROSS THE STAIRS...BUT AS SOON AS I SAW ALL THIS FROM THE VALLEY OF THE SHADES, I CAME TO HELP AND PROTECT YOU AGAINST THEIR EVIL DESIGNS!





NO, PETER
... **DON'T!**

YES---
JUMP!

I--- I'VE **GOT**
TO, DARLING---
TO SAVE YOUR
LIFE!



IT'S... LIKE A MYSTERIOUS BOLT FROM
OUT OF THE GREAT **UNKNOWN**---

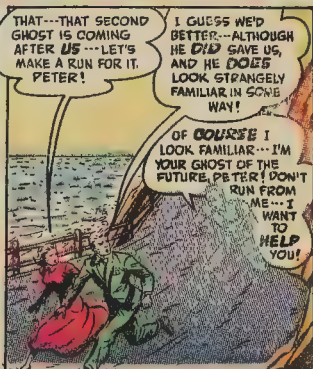
WHAT!

WAIT, PETER
... **I'LL SAVE**
HER!



WHO ARE YOU,
SPIRIT---AND
WHY DO YOU
CHALLENGE
ANOTHER
DENIZEN OF
THE **GHOST**
WORLD?

I AM THE TRUE SPIRIT OF PETER CORBIN---
DESTINED TO ROAM THE EARTH IN HIS LIKE-
NESS AFTER HIS **REAL** DEATH---WHICH IS
FATED TO TAKE PLACE MANY YEARS FROM
NOW! BY IMPERILLING HIS LIFE NOW, YOU
IMPERIL MY GHOSTLY EXISTENCE---AND
I MUST DESTROY YOU!



THAT---THAT SECOND
GHOST IS COMING
AFTER **US**---LET'S
MAKE A RUN FOR IT.
PETER!

I GUESS WE'D
BETTER--ALTHOUGH
HE **DID** GIVE US,
AND HE **DOES**
LOOK STRANGELY
FAMILIAR IN SOME
WAY!

OF **COURSE** I
LOOK FAMILIAR---I'M
YOUR GHOST OF THE
FUTURE, PETER! DON'T
RUN FROM
ME---I
WANT
TO
HELP
YOU!



HUH---MY GHOST
FROM THE **FUTURE**?
WHAT---
OWWWW!

HATE TO DO THIS---
BUT I JUST
WANT TO **KNOCK**
ONE OF YOUR
TEETH **OUT!**



IT **WORKED**, PETER!
I KNOCKED YOUR TOOTH
OUT---AND YOUR FIRST
GHOST IS BEGINNING TO
DISSOLVE, TO VANISH
INTO THE LIMBO OF
NOTHINGNESS!

YAAAGHH!

YOU'RE RIGHT---IT
DISAPPEARED! BUT
I DON'T UNDERSTAND
--- HOW---

IT'S REALLY QUITE SIMPLE IF YOU
KNOW THE LAWS OF THE SPIRIT
WORLD, PETER! YOU SEE, EVERY GHOST
MUST LOOK **EXACTLY** LIKE THE
BODY FROM WHICH IT ESCAPED AT
THE TIME OF DEATH---WHICH MEANS
THAT YOUR FIRST GHOST COULD
EXIST ONLY AS LONG AS HE
RESEMBLED YOU IN EVERY
PARTICULAR--- ONLY AS
LONG AS YOUR PHYSICAL
APPEARANCE DIDN'T
CHANGE!

BUT SINCE YOU HAD BEEN REVIVED FROM THE DEAD,
YOU WERE BOUND TO CHANGE PHYSICALLY IN MANY
WAYS AS YOU GREW OLDER! THAT WAS WHY YOUR
FIRST GHOST HAD TO KILL YOU SOON, WHILE HE
STILL RESEMBLED YOU---BECAUSE AS SOON AS
YOU CHANGED IN ANY RESPECT, AS SOON AS YOU
BEGAN AGING APPRECIABLY, HE WOULD NO
LONGER LOOK EXACTLY LIKE YOU---AND HE
WOULD CEASE TO
EXIST AS A
SPIRIT AND
WOULD DIS-
INTEGRATE
INTO NOTH-
INGNESS!

A SPIRIT POSSESSES ETERNAL LIFE, AND
THE LIFE IS A GOOD ONE---SO YOU CAN
GEE WHY YOUR FIRST GHOST WAS WILLING
TO GO TO ANY LENGTHS TO KILL YOU AND
THEREBY ASSURE HIMSELF OF IMMORTALITY!
BUT AS SOON AS I KNOCKED YOUR TOOTH
OUT, HE BECAME A GHOST WHO NO
LONGER EXACTLY RESEMBLED THE BODY
FROM WHICH HE HAD
ESCAPED---AND
HE INSTANTLY
CEASED TO
EXIST!

I'M BEGINNING TO
UNDERSTAND NOW
---BUT I STILL CAN'T
FIGURE OUT WHAT
YOU'RE DOING
HERE! HOW CAN A
GHOST FROM THE
FUTURE TRAVEL
BACK IN TIME TO
THE PRESENT?

A SPIRIT IS FREED FROM ALL THE
EARTHLY LIMITATIONS OF THE BODY
---IT CAN TRAVEL IN ALL DIMENSIONS,
INCLUDING THAT OF TIME! AND SINCE
I'M THE SPIRIT WHO WILL BE RELEASED
FROM YOUR BODY AFTER YOU HAVE
LIVED OUT YOUR FULL, APPOINTED
TIME, I **HAD** TO STOP YOUR
FIRST GHOST FROM KILLING YOU---BECAUSE IF HE HAD
SUCCEEDED NOW, **HE** WOULD BE
YOUR ONLY GHOST---AND I
WOULD NEVER HAVE HAD A
CHANCE TO EXIST!

BUT NOW THAT MY DUTY TO
YOU IS DONE, NOW THAT I
HAVE ASSURED MYSELF OF
MY OWN GHOSTLY EXISTENCE,
I MUST RETURN FROM
WHENCE I CAME!

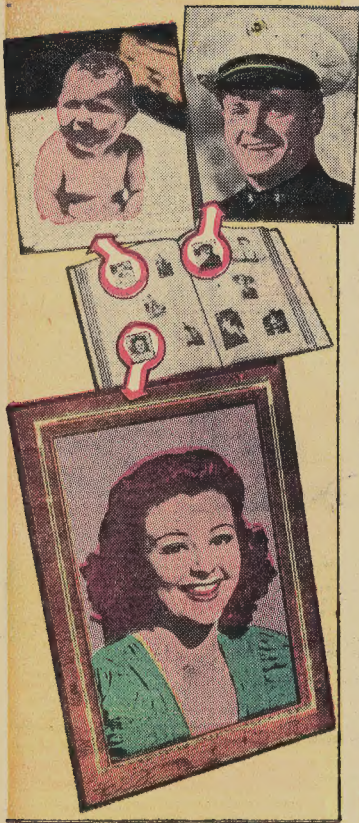
NO---WAIT---AS A
GHOST FROM THE
FUTURE, YOU MUST
KNOW ALL THAT WILL
HAPPEN IN YEARS TO
COME! WON'T YOU TELL
US WHEN WE WILL DIE--
WHAT KIND OF WORLD
WE'LL BE LIVING
IN--?

YES---CAN'T YOU TELL
US WHETHER MAN
REACHED THE STARS--
WHETHER HE FINALLY
SUCCEEDED IN ABOLISHING
THE HORRORS OF WAR--?

I AM SORRY---IT IS FORBIDDEN
TO REVEAL THE SECRETS OF
THE FUTURE! ALL I CAN TELL
YOU IS THAT YOU WILL BOTH
LEAD LONG AND HAPPY LIVES
TOGETHER! UNTIL WE MEET
AGAIN IN THE
ETERNAL WORLD
OF SPIRITS---
FAREWELL!

THE END!
6

New silk-finish enlargement, ivory gold-tooled frame



*Sensational
Offer
Only*

19¢ EACH

**FROM YOUR FAVORITE SNAPSHOT,
PHOTOGRAPH OR NEGATIVE**

Send Any Photo For Beautiful
5x7 Inch ENLARGEMENT On This
SPECIAL GET-ACQUAINTED OFFER!
Your Original Returned

Have you ever wished you could have your own favorite picture or snapshot enlarged like the pictures of Movie Stars? If you act now, you can make your wish come true. Just to get acquainted, we will make you a handsome, silk finish enlargement, mounted in a rich, gold-tooled frame with glassine front and standing easel back for only 19¢ each for the Picture and Frame, plus cost of mailing. Hundreds of thousands of people have already taken advantage of this generous offer, and to acquaint millions more like yourself with the famous studio portrait quality of our work, we now make this trial offer to you.

Think of it, only 19¢ each for a beautiful enlargement and frame you will cherish for years to come. Because of the sensational low price of this get-acquainted offer we must set a limit of 2 to a customer. So hurry—send one or two of your best photographs (either picture or negative) with the coupon below today. *Be sure to include the color of hair, eyes and clothing* for complete information on having your enlargement beautifully colored in life-like oils. **SEND NO MONEY!** Just mail coupon to us today. Include all information. Your original snapshot or negative will be returned.

RUSH YOUR ORDER! Your enlargement will be shipped direct from our Hollywood studios!

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**IMPORTANT!—DO NOT ENCLOSE ANY MONEY
to Receive Your Beautiful New Silk Finish
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**HOLLYWOOD FILM STUDIOS, Dept. 794-E
1229 Loyola Ave., Chicago 26, Ill.**

Enclosed find _____ snapshot or negative.
(Specify number, limit 2)

Please make _____ Enlargement and Frame
(Specify number, limit 2)

I will pay postman only 19¢ each for Enlargement and Frame, on arrival, plus mailing costs, on your 10-day money-back guarantee offer.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

(State)

STATE _____

Fill out description below. Mark back of mailing 1 and 2.

COLOR—Picture No. 1

Hair _____

Eyes _____

Clothing _____

COLOR—Picture No. 2

Hair _____

Eyes _____

Clothing _____

PLAY PIANO THE FIRST DAY..

OR DON'T PAY!

Here's Your Chance to
BE POPULAR!



I'M CERTAINLY MISSING A LOT OF FUN, AND DATES, TOO. IF I COULD ONLY PLAY THE PIANO THE WAY BETTY DOES. 'WONDER HOW SHE LEARNED SO FAST? I'LL ASK HER THE FIRST CHANCE I GET.



MARY, I NEVER TOOK A LESSON IN MY LIFE - BUT NOW I CAN PLAY WELL, THANKS TO THE AUTOMATIC CHORD SELECTOR AND THE DEAN ROSS SIMPLE AGE METHOD. YOU OUGHT TO TRY IT!

IF IT'S AS EASY AS YOU SAY AND IT ONLY COSTS \$1.98 I'LL SEND FOR IT RIGHT AWAY!



GLAD I TOOK BETTY'S ADVICE. NOW I GET INVITED EVERYWHERE. NO MORE SMALL FLOWER STUFF FOR ME!

"I learned to play a song in 10 minutes."

-A.C.C. Washington

"Even if one never played a note it is easy."

-C.G.H., New Hampshire

"Now I can play sheet music beautifully."

-E.S., New York

Hundreds of thankful, enthusiastic letters like these are in our files.

New, Patented AUTOMATIC CHORD SELECTOR Guides Your Fingers

YOU, too, can play piano with BOTH hands, in no time at all! Thousands have learned to play this fast, easy way. With the amazing, new invention, the AUTOMATIC CHORD SELECTOR there's really nothing to it. Before long you're playing songs everyone enjoys... from Hit Parade numbers and hymns to beautiful old ballads.

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NO SCALES!
NO EXERCISES!
YOU PLAY INSTANTLY!



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Complete Course only \$1.98 - including the PATENTED AUTOMATIC CHORD SELECTOR
No Extras - SEND NO MONEY!

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45 West 45th Street

New York 36, N.Y.

THE GIRLS ARE WILD ABOUT THE WAY I PLAY PIANO - CAN'T THANK DEAN ROSS ENOUGH



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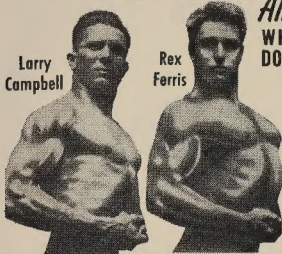
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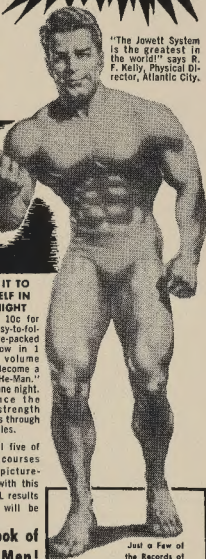
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